

PART
387

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LEISURE HOUR

MARCH, 1884.

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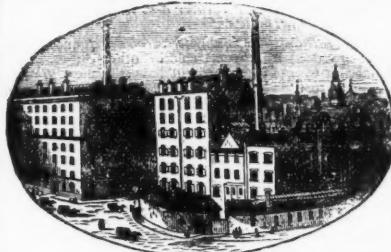
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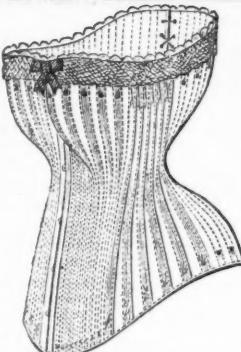
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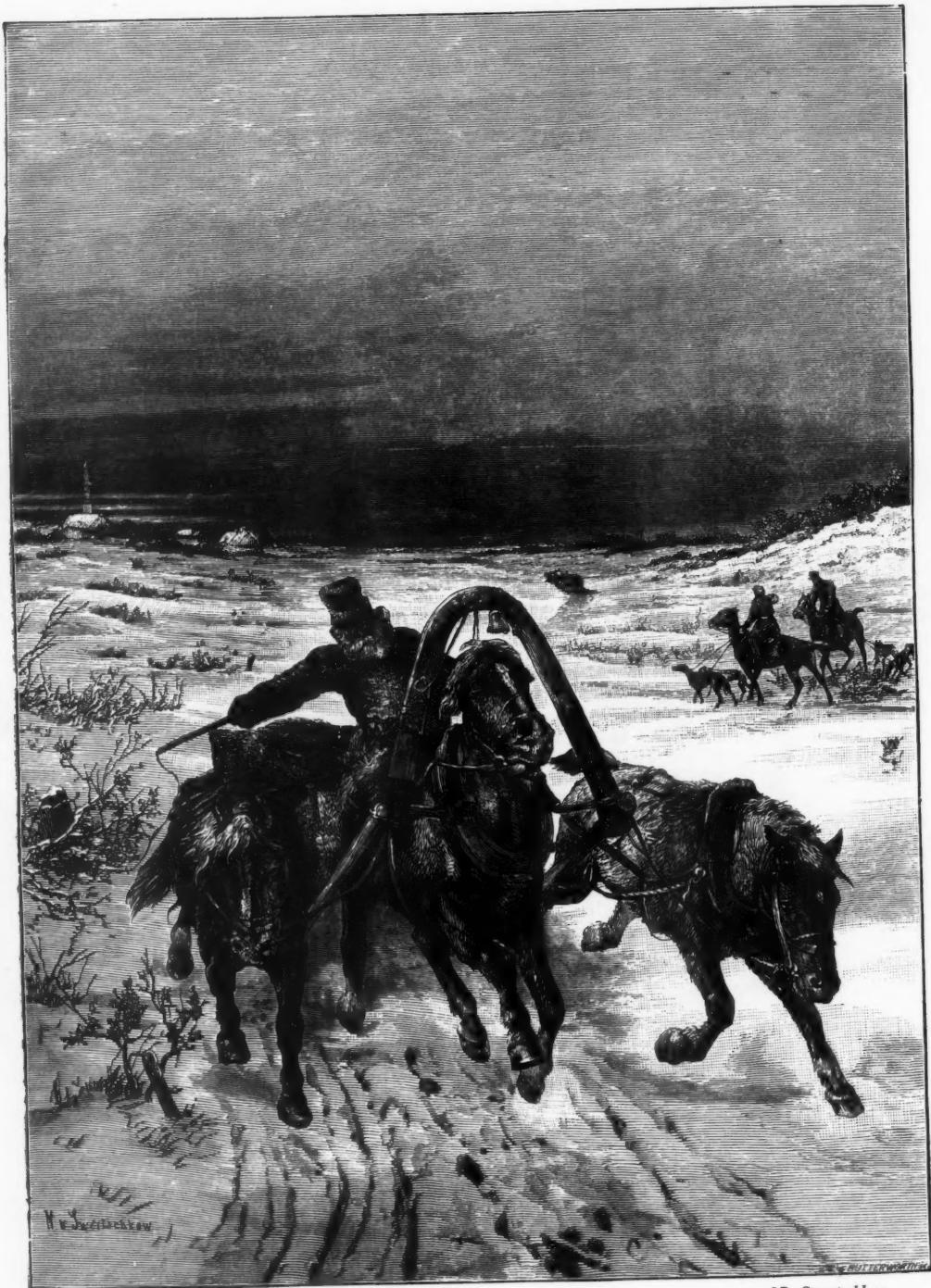
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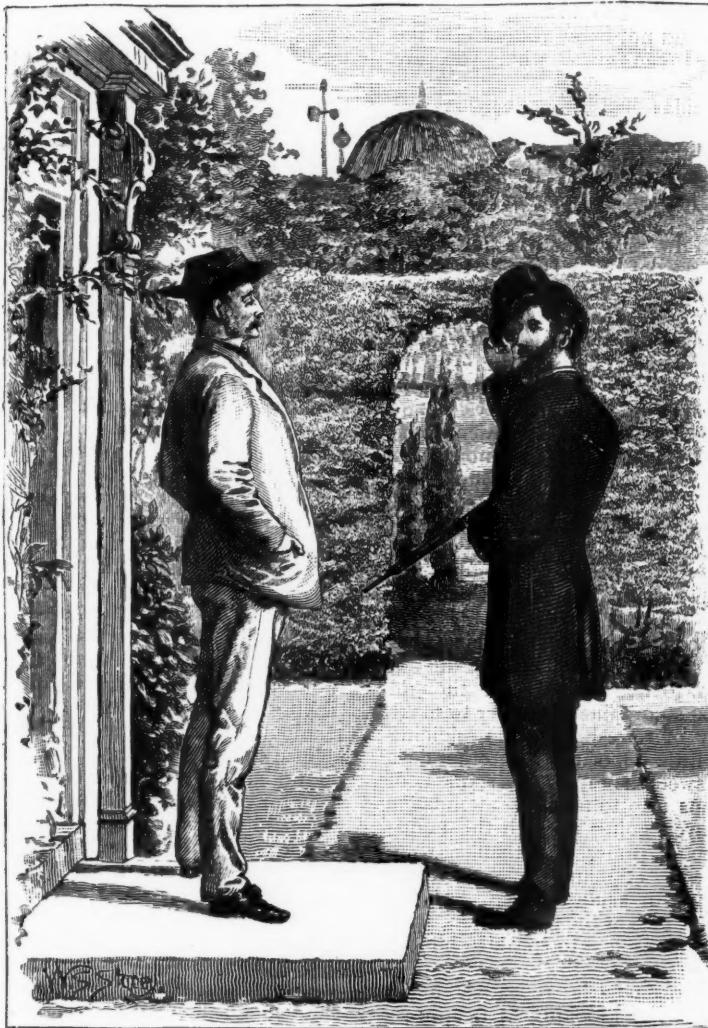
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BY REV. T. S. MILLINGTON, AUTHOR OF "STRAIGHT TO THE MARK," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.—NEWTON HOUSE.



"WELL, MR. PRATT!

Hold thou the good: define it well:
For fear divine Philosophy
Should push beyond her mark, and be
Procures to the Lords of Hell.—*Tennyson*.

THE sun was shining brightly, the dew was yet upon the grass, the trees and shrubs stood unmoved by any breath of wind, and everything around wore an aspect of Sabbath rest and peace, when a window at Newton House—a handsome family mansion, though without any pretensions to architectural beauty—was suddenly thrown

open, and the owner, a tall, substantial looking personage, with a florid countenance, the chief characteristic of which was a general expression of self-contentment, looked forth.

His glance passed rapidly over the well-kept grass, the early flower-beds, and the ornamental shrubs, and rested with satisfaction upon a group of buildings at a short distance beyond, which, if they added nothing to the beauty of the prospect, invested it with a lively interest, and were evidently valued more for use than ornament.

"Right again!" the gentleman in question said, half aloud, tapping a barometer of peculiar and novel construction, which hung on the window-frame, and which, from the scars it bore, was evidently used to such treatment—"right again! Most fortunate, this clear, bright weather. It certainly is remarkable how few wet Sundays we have had this season."

"I am very glad to hear you say so," a laughing, musical voice replied behind him.

"Oh, Marian! I did not know you were in the room. Ah, well! I can guess what you are smiling at."

The previous Sunday had been overcast and showery, and Mr. Newton-Earle had then remarked to his daughter, in tones of displeasure, that Sunday was sure always to be a wet day, especially when he had any particular reason for wishing it to be fine.

"One can't be always right, like my barometer," he said, by way of explanation. It was a great deal for him to allow, and he did it with an air of frankness which seemed to claim no little credit for the admission. "One is apt to speak as one feels at the moment," he went on. "As a matter of fact, however, the fine Sundays have been more frequent than usual this year; my journals show that; and I hope they may continue so." This was said with a seriousness, not to say sternness of manner, which seemed to imply that he had a right to expect the result he hoped for. "Yes; the Sundays lately have, with one or two exceptions, been fine. How it is to be accounted for I cannot say offhand. It is an interesting question, and worth looking into when I can find time for it."

Marian had her own ideas on the subject, but they were not of a scientific kind, and she did not like to express them to her father. She thought it might possibly be so ordained in order to make the Sabbath a day of refreshment and rejoicing to many who have little opportunity on other days of enjoying the sweet sights and sounds of nature; and perhaps also to facilitate attendance at the house of prayer, going up with the multitude with the voice of praise and thanksgiving. Her father, of course, as a man of science, would have no sympathy with such a creed, and the smile faded from her face as the thought occurred to her that it would be useless to speak to him on that topic.

"Yes," Mr. Newton-Earle repeated, again tapping the barometer, and looking at it approvingly, as if he had himself invented it or made it; "yes, the same cause produces the same effect invariably; and the weather will now continue fine throughout the day, I doubt not. Sunday is a convenient institution for me just now, and a fine Sunday especially important, for that is almost the only day available for work in the observatory since so many new roads have been opened on every side. If these detestable encroachments go on I shall have to remove my instruments to a quieter spot. My observations cannot under existing circumstances be of so much value to the scientific world as they ought to be."

Mr. Newton-Earle was devoted to the study, or

it might be more correct to say to the pursuit and practice of astronomy. On a level space at a short distance from the windows of his house a gigantic telescope had been constructed, supported upon square and solid pillars of masonry, with ladders on each side, and with every kind of appliance for elevating, lowering, and directing the huge instrument, either in sweeping the heavens with wide and rapid movements, or adjusting its position with smooth and gentle accuracy, even to a hair's breadth. It was a marvel of ingenious mechanism, so cleverly balanced that a child could move it, yet so firm and steadfast that even under the impulse of a strong wind it scarcely seemed to vibrate.

Near it, but sufficiently removed to offer little or no interruption to the range of vision of the larger instrument, buildings with dome-shaped roofs were placed, in which were a transit-glass, an equatorial, and all other apparatus necessary for the most delicate operations.

These buildings, with their costly and various contents, had been erected by the owner of Newton House for the gratification of his passion, or let us say his fancy, for the science of astronomy. In this, however, he was but an amateur. His attainments as a mathematician were not sufficient to place him on a level with some others whose material appliances were less complete and perfect than those which his position as a man of property had enabled him to provide, and he was obliged to be satisfied with following the discoveries of others (confirming them he called it), tracing those phenomena and movements of the heavenly bodies which were brought to his notice by the reports and circulars from public observatories both of his own and other countries. He took pleasure also in exhibiting his observatory to his friends, and displaying at the same time his own skill in the manipulation of the instruments. Whenever an eclipse or other object of general interest was to be noticed in the heavens, Mr. Newton-Earle would invite a select circle of fashionable friends and point the instruments for them, giving them interesting peeps through the telescopes, together with a running and highly scientific explanation of the phenomena.

Newton House was an old-fashioned place surrounded by three or four acres of ground; Mr. Newton-Earle was a younger son, and this property had come to him from the mother's side under a marriage settlement. It was a younger son's portion, the elder brother having inherited a much larger estate in the west of England. It was freehold, and at the time when Henry Newton-Earle came into possession of it, stood almost alone, surrounded by fields with green lanes, and sufficiently remote from town to offer that quietude and privacy which were essential to the pursuit to which our philosopher was devoted. Mr. Earle had spent large sums in making his observatory as complete as possible; it gratified him to think that his temple of science was as well furnished and as good in every way as any one's else could be. Every new instrument was added to his collection as soon

as invented, and in some instances before its value had been fully proved. Every improvement, either in optical work or manipulation, was immediately adopted. His neighbours—those at least who did not sympathise with his tastes, or who had not the *entrée* to his grounds—said that he was ruining himself, and that it was not fair towards his daughter, who, being an only child, was looked upon as his heiress, to spend money in extravagances which could never be of use to her; but the friends who assembled at his scientific *soirées*, some of whom knew, better perhaps than their owner, how to appreciate his fine collection of instruments, argued that money could not be better spent, and, in the interest of science, gave him every encouragement to persevere in the course which he had chosen.

So lavish was his outlay that Mr. Newton-Earle had gained for himself the sobriquet of "the Little Astronomer Royal." All the working opticians of the metropolis knew him well, and had learnt to look to him for help in bringing forward their inventions. It gratified him to be thus recognised, and he responded, sometimes in a truly royal manner, to their application for assistance and advice. "He must have a long purse," they said among themselves; and they were right, for although he had been at one time comparatively poor, the Newton property had increased immensely in value, and continued to increase every year, from building leases, the land being taken up by the yard or foot by enterprising contractors for the erection of villas or terraces, which were occupied as soon as built. There were some inconveniences attendant upon this increase of population, and Mr. Newton-Earle and his friends were compelled to acknowledge that the observatory, if it had gained in one way by the improved value of the estate, had suffered seriously in another. To begin with, Mr. Earle's knowledge of the astronomer's art had not been sufficient to impress him with the importance of certain details which rendered his site less eligible for an observatory than it might have been. The situation was elevated—that was a great point in his estimation; it was retired—that also was an advantage; but the nature of the soil was not suitable for buildings which required the most perfect solidity and steadfastness. To make matters worse, the new roads which had been made in the neighbourhood, and the increasing traffic upon them, were found to have a disturbing effect upon the more delicate of the instruments, causing them to vibrate even upon the pillars of masonry to which they were attached, and seriously affecting the results which were to be recorded by their aid. Clouds of smoke also arose from gas and water works, and the impurities of the London atmosphere obscured the starry vault at critical moments, to the no small mortification and disappointment of those who had assembled to make use of the "Little Astronomer Royal's" magnificent collection of instruments.

A bright Sunday was therefore a great boon to Mr. Earle. The chimneys gave forth no smoke on that day of rest; the lumbering carts of the

contractors, the heavy coal waggons and the furniture vans, ceased their traffic; a Sabbath quietude and calmness reigned around; the earth and the sky were alike tranquil, and the philosopher could gaze up from the one into the other with comparatively little disturbance, from the base of his observations. True, Sunday was not exactly the right day to be given up entirely from early morning to late at night to such pursuits. A devout spirit would have preferred to spend some, at least, of its golden hours in looking still higher, beyond the stars and beyond the skies, discarding the instruments of man's contrivance, however exquisitely formed and finished, and making use rather of the spiritual help to be found in the Book of Divine revelation—better than any manual of science—by which the very Heaven of heavens is opened to our view, and our souls caught up thither. But Mr. Newton-Earle, if the truth must be confessed, had never extended his researches in that direction, and, for the present at least, his knowledge of things above reached no farther than the sight of his own natural eyes, aided by instruments of glass and brass, could carry them.

"We shall have a busy day, Marian," said Mr. Earle to his daughter on the Sunday morning already referred to. "Professor Nunn will be here presently. We have some splendid observations to make, and I have some wonderful discoveries to show him. By the time we have finished, some people—good people—whom I have invited are coming to look at the stars by daylight. They think it a very wonderful sight, though, as I said, they are very good people, moving in the highest society. They will like to look through the observatory, too, and will want some tea, of course."

Marian sighed.

"What is to be done about the servants?" she asked.

"They cannot go out to-day. They will be wanted."

"Could you not spare one or two of them this morning? It is so important."

"From your point of view, no doubt; but I dare say they do not feel as you do about it. They would perhaps not go to church if I were to give them leave. No, Marian; follow your own convictions, and let other people alone. There's the bell; the professor is come in good time."

The only approach to the house was by a footpath leading from a gate in the boundary wall, which gate was always kept locked, the value of the instruments rendering it quite necessary that every precaution should be observed against ignorant or careless intruders. A single one of his glasses Mr. Earle was fond of telling his "good people" had cost five hundred pounds. It would not do to expose five hundred pounds' worth to the throw of a stone. Digweed, therefore, the gardener who lived at the lodge, was charged to keep the door jealously against all comers, and to admit none but the duly privileged. Digweed and his wife, with an enormous dog of the mastiff breed chained up near the gate, formed together a veritable Cerberus, and no one could pass them unchallenged.

At the sound of the bell and the barking of the dog Digweed came from his cottage, and after surveying the author of the tumult through a grating in the door, unlocked the door itself and opened it.

It was not the professor; but a boy, who handed in a letter or circular in a foolscap envelope and went away whistling.

"Hullo, you sir!" cried Digweed, in a surly tone.

"Hullo," was the answer.

"Do you call that manners?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why whistling; almost before you are off the ground."

"I ain't off the ground," said the boy, looking down at the footpath on which his feet were planted; "I ain't a dicky-bird to whistle in the air; and if I was, whistling won't break no bones." And he went away whistling louder than before.

Digweed looked round at the great telescope which was visible above the fence and the trees, which had been topped down to give it free range. If whistling broke no bones, it might, to judge from Digweed's look of displeasure, have broken something of greater value. "Five hundred pounds' worth," he said to himself; "at the mercy of a boy like that!"

His master was waiting at the house door to receive the professor. Digweed took him the despatch instead.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE INITIALS AGAIN.

The morning wears: 'tis time we were at church.

—Shakespeare.

M R. NEWTON-EARLE tore open the envelope which Digweed brought him and cast his eye over the sheet which it contained.

"What's this?" he cried, with a look of annoyance. "Ah, I thought so. Who is to understand this jargon? Comets—right ascension—descending node—and all the rest German, French, gibberish! Who can be expected to read such stuff?"

The letter which had called forth these indignant remarks, and which Mr. Earle turned over and over with increasing impatience, was a despatch or circular from one of the German observatories, in the course of which communications from France, Italy, and Spain were quoted, each in the language of the country from whence it emanated. For those who were familiar with the several tongues, it contained quite a polyglot of information; but for our man of science, who understood the language of the heavens, or thought he did, but knew very little of the languages of earth, it had little or no meaning, and served only to exasperate him. Here were symbols, characters, and signs, of which he could partly guess the significance; but they served only to stimulate his curiosity, while the details to which they referred were shrouded in mystery.

"It's too bad," he exclaimed, "to send out such tantalising circulars. They ought to have been written in Latin; then everybody—every-

body at least who had been properly educated—could have read them. What am I to do with the thing?"

It was a comet year. No fewer than three of these erratic bodies were to be seen, so the circular averred, at the same time in the heavens. The approximation of their orbits had been deduced by the several astronomers who had discovered or observed them; longitude of perihelion, inclination, and all other necessary particulars, were given in the circular. So much Mr. Earle had been able to perceive from the signs and figures which were familiar to him, they being in common use in England and on the Continent; but the text of the letter, and the general description of which these minutiae formed a part, were quite beyond his comprehension. He knew a little French, and could puzzle out the meaning of a sentence or two, but beyond that all was chaos.

"It is too bad," he said again. "Who can be expected to read half a dozen languages? Here, Digweed."

"Yes, sir," said Digweed, approaching slowly.

"Who brought this?"

"A boy, sir, and a saucy one too, like all the rest of 'em."

"He has brought me a letter in all sorts of languages. He might as well have eaten it."

"I wish he had," said Digweed; "it would have saved trouble."

Mr. Earle held out the letter in disgust. Digweed took it and turned it over, looking at it upside down. Then he called to his wife.

"That's no use," said his master, sharply; "you might as well call 'Nic.'"

Nic was the name of the dog, or rather one of his names. His proper style was Canicula, a name given him facetiously by his master on account of his great size. Mrs. Digweed usually called him Nicholas; but Nic was the shortest and commonest. Nic, hearing his name mentioned, barked and showed his teeth as if to offer his services.

"I don't think nothing of them foreign tongues," said Digweed. "There's very few as knows anything about 'em, whatever they may make believe. I don't think as many of them as writes 'em can read 'em afterwards. What's all them there black-looking strokes for?"

"That's German," said his master, taking the letter and turning away with an air of disgust.

"German?" said Digweed. "Well, I'm thinking—"

"Thinking what?"

"There's a shop round the corner," the man went on, speaking slowly and impressively, "where they sells German yeast and German sausages. Maybe they would know something about it there."

"Idiot!" said his master.

"Thankye, sir. Same to you!" he added, in an undertone; "and there's another thing as I was a-going to say. Now I think on it there's a German professor come to lodge at one of them new houses in the terrace. I seed his name on the dooplate a day or two ago. 'German Language' it said."

"What is his name?" Mr. Earle asked.

"Pratt, I think it was."

"Pratt? That's not German. Well, go to Mr. Pratt with my compliments, and ask him to call here immediately. Say it is very urgent; beg him not to wait for anything, but come at once. Here, take my card with you."

Digweed departed reluctantly.

"I thought he'd ha' gone hisself," he murmured. "How do I know as Mr. Pratt will come? I wish I hadn't said nothing about him."

Digweed stopped in front of a house, and read the words on a brass plate which had lately been fixed there—

HERR PRACHT,

PROFESSOR OF GERMAN AND FRENCH.

When the door was opened to him he demanded to see "Heer Pratt."

"Mr. Pratt? I don't think he is up yet," said the landlady.

"Give him this card, then, and tell him he's wanted. He is to come along at once to Newton House; not to wait for nothing, but come just as he is."

"But he is in bed, I tell you."

"Let him get out of it, then, and come along."

"What's the matter?" a voice was heard to ask, and a gentleman came out of the parlour to see what was going on.

"Mr. Pratt is wanted immediately at Newton House. Will you be good enough to tell him so, Mr. Brooke?" said the landlady.

Herr Pracht always spent an hour or two extra in bed on Sunday morning, and was still between the sheets, as Mrs. Partridge had truly said.

"I'll give him your message," said the gentleman who had been addressed as Mr. Brooke to Digweed, "and he shall follow you as quickly as possible."

A few words here will explain how it came about that Herr Pracht and his friend Adrien Brooke were located at Highfield Terrace, in the immediate neighbourhood of Newton House.

Adrien had remained between three and four years at the school to which he had been introduced by Monsieur Bernard. His unremitting study, together with the more than average ability with which he was naturally endowed, had enabled him then to secure an open scholarship at Cambridge, and there he had at length graduated, with high mathematical honours. Herr Pracht had followed him to Cambridge, attending schools and private pupils there, and he and Adrien had always been much together. The latter had now come to London in order to qualify himself for the Bar, hoping to gain a livelihood at the same time by literary work, in which he had rather more prospect of success than when he previously made the attempt. Herr Pracht had again decided to follow his fortunes. Their love of the country had led them to the suburb from which the fields and woods were most accessible. Perhaps also the sight of Mr. Newton-Earle's great telescope, and the domes of the observatory rising above the decapitated trees, may have had something to do with their choice of a dwelling. Adrien had

acquired an early liking for astronomy from his old friend Vernier, and had prosecuted the study to some extent at Cambridge. It was with no little delight, therefore, that he availed himself of the opportunity which offered itself so much more readily than he had ventured to hope of gaining access to Newton House. Herr Pracht, smoking his great pipe as he lay in bed, had suggested that Adrien should go in his stead and learn for what purpose he was so urgently required, and Adrien, starting off instantly, overtook Digweed and passed him at a rapid pace before he had gone many yards.

"Hullo!" cried Digweed, "I thought you was agoin' to follow me? That don't look like followin'! If you get to the gate before I do you may have good cause to wish you hadn't."

"Why so?"

"Cause you would. Nic would let you know why so!"

"Who is Nic?"

"Nicola, the dorg. That's him that's barkin'."

They stopped at the garden door, which Mrs. Digweed opened, recognising her husband's voice.

"Down, Nicholas!" she said, and the dog retired sullenly to his kennel, from which he looked out with open jaws, ready for an instant attack if he should receive encouragement.

Adrien Brooke looked about him and fixed his eyes at once upon the great telescope. The observatory, with one segment of the roof open ready for work, next attracted his attention. It was like charmed ground for him. He stood still, taking everything in, and resolving in his heart that he would have the run of this place presently now that he had once set foot in it. Where there's a will there's a way, especially with men of Adrien's determination and character.

"Well, Mr. Pratt."

These words, spoken in a loud and impatient tone, roused him from his reverie.

"I beg your pardon," said Adrien, looking up. "I must apologise. I was so enchanted with the sight of your observatory that I forgot for the moment the occasion which brought me here."

"Oh, you like this sort of thing, do you? So do I, as you may see. It's my chief occupation. In fact, Mr. Pratt, I have been always so devoted to science, and the language of the heavens, and so on, that I have rather neglected other studies—the languages of Europe, for instance. You, I presume, are a foreigner, though you don't speak like one, and a linguist by profession. Will you do me the favour to translate this printed circular?"

Adrien was again in a brown study. Where had he seen that face and heard that voice before?

"My name is not Pracht, and I am not a foreigner," he said, presently, still occupied with the above question.

"Not Pratt? Not a foreigner? Then, sir, may I ask what the—what you are come here for?"

"To give you the assistance you require," Adrien answered. "I have some acquaintance with languages."

"All right, Mr.—?"

"Brooke—Adrien Brooke."

"Adrien Brooke," said Mr. Earle to himself, in his turn; "now where can I have heard that name before?"

Then he gave him the circular.

Adrien read it through from beginning to end without stumbling even at the scientific terms, showing a perfect acquaintance with all the technicalities of the subject.

"Well done, Mr. Brooke; thank you. This is a very interesting account. My friend Professor Nunn (Tycho Nunn; you may have heard of him) will be here presently, and he, of course, will want to hear it. Will you be good enough to await his arrival?"

He hesitated a moment, examining Adrien's dress and general appearance, as if doubtful in what rank of society to class him, and whether he should ask him to wait in the hall or to sit down to breakfast with him. Adrien read his thoughts and relieved him of the difficulty.

"I will wait here," he said, "in view of your great telescope. I have no doubt, if one may judge from outward appearances, that it is a grand instrument."

The slight emphasis he placed upon the words "outward appearances" did not escape Mr. Earle's notice. They helped to give a status to the speaker. None but a gentleman would have so read his thoughts or have ventured such a reply to them.

"Come and have some breakfast," he exclaimed; "it's on the table."

"Thank you, Mr. Earle," Adrien replied, "I have breakfasted."

"Newton-Earle," said the other, with emphasis.

"I beg your pardon—Mr. Newton-Earle."

"The former name is the more appropriate of the two for an astronomer," said Adrien to himself, when the owner of the names had entered the house. "Both names are, however, equally strange to me in their present application, and yet I am sure I have seen this man before somewhere and heard his voice."

Just then he heard it again, calling to his daughter in the house—"Marian!"

"Marian Newton-Earle! I have it," he exclaimed. "Can it be possible? M. N. E.—the initials! It must be so. Oh yes, it is. I remember him now—his manner especially—the Great Briton of Abbeville station, and his daughter—*Marian*—so that is her name? I remember her too—what an impression she made upon me; silly, romantic boy that I was! Yet she was really very charming; her pleasant smile, her gentle English words, the silvery tone of her voice, I shall never forget."

The vision of past years took full possession of him, and he yielded to it, oblivious even of the observatory and all the objects of interest which it contained. "How strange," he thought, "that I should find her again thus. Once, twice, before I met her—each time only for an instant. I remember thinking then that the third time would surely come, sooner or later, and that as the two former interviews had been so brief, the third would be just the contrary—perhaps to part no

more. Oh, I can laugh at such thoughts now! I was but a child, excitable and sensitive, especially just at that time: and no wonder."

He roused himself after some minutes of quiet reverie.

"I shall be very glad to see her again," he said, half aloud. "M. N. E. Marian Newton-Earle. I wonder whether she will recognise me? Of course not. I dare say she never once thought of me after that day when she passed me near the police-court. And I—I treasured up the memory for years; and her handkerchief—I have it now, somewhere. There he is calling her again. 'Marian!' a pretty name! I wish she would appear. It is ridiculous, of course, after eight years; and both of us mere children!"

But however ridiculous it might seem, Adrien Brooke felt that he was trembling all over with excitement. His cheek was pale; yet he fancied it must be crimson. He could not take his eyes from the door at which he expected every moment Marian, the "Mary" of his dreams, would presently appear.

"What a singular accident," he said to himself again, "that I should come direct to this spot within a few days of my arrival in London, and should be sent for to this house! Accident? I wonder whether such things do happen by accident. Fate, destiny, or—let us say Providence; yes, that is the best word, if I may venture to use it. I wish she would come: and yet I should be afraid to speak: I should not know how to address her."

A peal at the bell and the voice of Nicholas loudly barking interrupted Adrien's reverie. Digweed went to the garden door, made his customary observation through the grating, and after some needless delay, opened it with evident reluctance.

Professor Nunn entered. A man of from thirty-five to forty years of age, but older in appearance, being slightly bald, with an habitual stoop, or poke-forward of the head, and an awkward shambling gait; a good head, with forehead broad and high, and a fringe of long sinuous hair which hung down over his coat-collar; features well-shaped and intellectual; teeth white and perfect, but too large to be ornamental; lips firm and full. And yet not altogether a pleasant face; one could scarcely tell why. Perhaps if one could have seen the eyes the effect might have been more agreeable; but the professor wore blue spectacles which were seldom removed; and the consequence of this eclipse of the visual orbs was to leave one in uncertainty whether to trust the first favourable impression induced by the general character of the face. A blind man is not only himself in darkness, but is more or less an obscurity to others. Professor Nunn was not blind, but the blue goggles which he wore constantly for the protection of his eyesight gave him that appearance.

The professor, without taking any notice of Digweed, who scowled at him, or of the dog, which slunk away sullenly into his kennel, advanced along the path towards the house. At the same moment Marian appeared at the door, book

in hand, evidently on her way to church, to which the bells were calling her.

Adrien stood motionless, his eyes fixed upon her. He could not see her face, but fancied he recognised her form and step. She walked quickly. It was just so that he had seen her on the platform at Abbeville. Her figure was taller, but that was to be expected.

She stopped to speak to Professor Nunn, who took her hand and held it for some time in his own. They seemed to be talking earnestly together, and the professor's face nearly touched Marian's as they stood for a few moments under the trees. He was smiling too; but smiles, however pleasant, have not much expression or eloquence without the language of the eyes to help them, and it was impossible to say whether Professor Nunn was elaborating a joke, describing the erratic course of an interesting comet, or making pretty and tender speeches to a sweet-heart.

What could this man have to say to Marian?—old and bald-pated—yet not so old perhaps as he at first sight appeared. Adrien Brooke took an instinctive and vehement dislike to the professor from that moment. Adrien could still be vehement sometimes, though his energy of feeling had toned down a great deal under the discipline and experience of the last seven years.

"She will be late for church," said Adrien, "if he keeps her standing there much longer. And so shall I."

In the excitement of the hour Adrien had paid no heed hitherto to the church bells, but now he began to question with himself whether he ought not to obey the summons at once. He did not know any of the churches in the neighbourhood, but if he were to follow Marian at a distance he could not fail to arrive at the right place. Yet if he should depart from Newton House without waiting to see its owner and to read the despatch to Professor Nunn, how could he expect to be invited there again? Professor Nunn might have been left to make out the contents of the circular as he could for anything that Adrien cared; but he did not wish to offend Mr. Earle. The observatory, of which he had not yet seen the inside, was a great attraction to him, to say nothing of other allurements, and Adrien resolved to remain where he was that morning.

Marian tore herself away from the professor at last, and went on her way. Her interview with him had lasted only a few moments, but it seemed to Adrien very long and vexatious. Adrien saw her features as she turned with a parting word to the professor, who was still looking after her. Yes, it was M. N. E., though very much changed, of course. If only she had been looking directly towards him, instead of at the other man, he would have caught the expression of her eyes more perfectly. But he knew her; it was "Mary," the same "Mary" that he had seen seven years ago, once—twice, and now saw again, for the third time, M. N. E. "Mary."

How the whole interval seemed to fade into nothing, as the past suddenly returned upon him.

CHAPTER XIV.—UNA AND THE LION.

Another, yet the same.—*Poëta.*

PROFESSOR TYCHO NUNN followed Marian with his spectacled eyes, and Digweed followed the professor with his very keen ones, as the latter walked towards the house. The professor's lips were parted with a bland smile; Digweed's with a sardonic grin. Adrien looked at both and sympathised with Digweed. Mr. Newton-Earle met his visitor at the door and advanced with him at once to where Adrien was standing. He did not think it necessary to go through the form of an introduction, but giving Adrien the circular, begged him to read it once more aloud.

The professor listened with attention; then taking the paper from Adrien with a polite bow, appeared to be reading it through for himself. Once or twice he appealed to Adrien for assistance.

"Come," he said, laying his hand upon Adrien's arm when he had finished; "come; with Mr. Newton's permission we will go at once to the observatory."

Adrien looked at the master of the house, who gave a silent consent, and they all went together to the building with the domes.

For the next hour the talk was of comets. Then, as noon approached, there were observations to be made and recorded. Adrien was at home in the use of the instruments, and rendered good service. He became so deeply interested in the professor's work that he forgot the little feeling of antipathy which the distant view of that gentleman's familiar colloquy with Marian had excited—for got everything, indeed, except the processes and calculations in which he was assisting.

"You are an old hand at this, I perceive?" said the professor to Adrien, when they had brought their work to a satisfactory conclusion.

"No," said Adrien.

"For so young a man I mean," the professor explained.

"I have had neither time nor opportunity for doing much with astronomy."

"But you are very fond of it, and are a pretty good mathematician?"

Adrien bowed.

"Cambridge?"

"Yes."

"Honours, of course?"

Adrien bowed again.

"Eh?" said the professor, and waited to hear more.

Adrien told him his place—a very good one—on the list of wranglers.

"Good!" said the professor. "I hope you will often come here; we shall always be glad of your assistance."

Although he looked at Mr. Newton-Earle, yet he spoke as if the observatory and all that it contained were his own. It was evident he could invite whomsoever he pleased to visit it.

Adrien's antipathy revived with greater strength than before, and a cloud settled upon his brow.

Mr. Newton-Earle—or Newton, as he preferred to be called, especially in the observatory and on Sundays—confirmed the invitation with a stiff bow, very much as if he could not help it, Adrien thought. The master of the house had been thrust aside—or at least ignored—during the whole of the morning's work; Professor Nunn treated him throughout rather as a visitor or looker-on than as the owner of the admirable instruments with which the observatory was furnished.

The three men strolled out presently upon the lawn and sat down under the shade of a fine old mulberry-tree.

"Marian will be home soon," Mr. Newton remarked. "What was she talking to you about so earnestly, professor, as she went away? The old story, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"If you had gone to church, as she wished, you would have missed a great deal."

"Yes, indeed," the professor answered; "I should have missed a great deal."

"And what would you have gained?"

"Gained? Ah, well! that is a question worth considering, only I have not time to think about it now. I should have had the pleasure, at all events, of sitting by Marian's side. Some day soon I shall go to church with Marian, I hope; some day soon."

Adrien glared at him from the corners of his eyes, but his angry glance fell harmless upon the professor's tinted spectacles.

"You have not yet fixed the day, then, I suppose?" said Mr. Newton, with a laugh.

"No, not quite," the other answered, seriously.

He looked at Mr. Newton, as if wondering what it could be that excited his risibility. Adrien turned his eyes from one to the other with a savage expression, as if he would have liked to knock their heads together, but neither of them took any notice of him.

"Marian can do whatever she likes with you, professor," Mr. Newton said.

The professor looked grave.

"Marian is right," he said, after a pause; "and you and I are perhaps wrong. Church-going would do none of us any harm, and might do us some good. If it has helped to make your daughter what she is, it is a custom much to be recommended."

Mr. Newton made a grimace, as if he did not relish the turn which the conversation had taken, and changed the subject. Adrien, on the contrary, felt disposed for once to agree with the professor.

Presently the bell at the gate was heard, with its usual accompaniment. Adrien caught sight of Marian's figure for a moment as she stopped to speak to Cerberus (man, woman, and dog), but he was too far off to see her face distinctly.

"Ca-ni-cu-la," said the professor, giving the dog all his syllables, "never wags his tail for any one except Marian. Canicula is a dog of much discrimination."

The great surly mastiff seemed indeed to have changed his nature while Marian was patting his head and speaking to him. Digweed, too, was smiling as he looked on

"It is like Una and the lion," said the professor.

"Let us go in to luncheon," Mr. Newton replied.

"Luncheon! No, we shall not have time," the professor answered.

"Oh, yes, plenty of time. I must have my luncheon at all events, and Una will want hers."

The professor hesitated and looked at his watch. "No," he said, "send me a biscuit and a glass of sherry to the observatory; it is time to be at work again."

They both looked at Adrien; Mr. Newton inviting him, apparently, to go into the house to luncheon, or perhaps expecting him to take his leave; while the professor reckoned confidently that he would prefer to spend the time with him in the observatory.

What was he to do? His heart beat quickly, and he would gladly have followed his host into the house, but the latter did not wait for him, did not seem to want him. The professor was evidently in the habit of having his own way there, and of settling the ways of others. Adrien submitted to the decree and followed Mr. Nunn to the observatory, to which place a plentiful supply of refreshments for both was presently brought.

"We must get on with our work while we can," said the professor. "There will be a bevy of ladies here this afternoon, sweeping and pirouetting about among the instruments and knocking everything over. Newton likes that sort of thing; I don't. I shall be able to put a stop to it, I hope, by-and-by. Ladies are all very well in the house or garden, amongst the flowers, you know, *pares cum paribus*, but they are not wanted in an observatory. You agree with me in that, I dare say?"

"Yes; to a certain extent."

"You would make exceptions?"

Adrien was silent. He had been hoping that, as he could not go to the house to see Marian, Marian might come to the observatory. He could not ask Mr. Nunn whether it was likely that she would do so; but he cherished the belief that she would appear there some time during the afternoon. If lady visitors were expected, most likely Marian would come also to do the honours.

Mr. Newton appeared by-and-by, having taken time for a hearty luncheon, and looking much the happier for it.

"There they are," he exclaimed presently, peeping out from one of the windows of the observatory; "there's a carriage."

"Bother the carriage!" the professor answered.

"I say so too," Mr. Newton said, apologetically; "but the ladies will come."

"Of course, if you invite them."

"What can I do? They invite themselves, and one cannot be uncivil. It's Lady Cornelia Keates," he added, with a look of pleasure.

"Lady Cornelia might come some other day. Sunday is the only day we have for work here since those tall chimneys have been built."

"Another day!" Mr. Newton answered; "in the height of the London season? You can have no idea how many engagements people of Lady Cornelia Keates's position have on week days."

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You do not go much into society yourself, professor."

"No, indeed; not of that kind."

"They are very good people; quite first-class."

The professor sighed. He was too busy to argue the point just then, and the enemy was advancing in force. He wished his friend would not invite such a troop of triflers to interrupt his own serious work every Sunday afternoon. But one of the chief pleasures which Mr. Newton-Earle derived from his observatory consisted in exhibiting its wonderful instruments and enlarging upon their cost to the uninitiated, especially to visitors of rank and fashion, who could not spare time to study the heavens on any other day of the week. The morning had been given up to the professor, and, under his direction, to the serious business of the observatory, and the afternoon was to be spent by Mr. Newton in astonishing the less vigorous intellects of his aristocratic friends and listening to their ejaculations of surprise and admiration.

After some little delay, the visitors, who had gone first to the house and afterwards lingered among the flowers, arrived at the observatory. Adrien scanned their faces as they approached, and his eyes rested upon the features of one who was walking with Lady Cornelia. It was M. N. E.; there was not a shadow of a doubt on that point; yet she was so much altered that he would scarcely have known her, if his heart had not told him that she was the same person who had spoken to him on the platform at Abbeville. He had thought of her hitherto only as the young girl who had addressed him with such gentleness and sweetness in the language which he then loved with an affection almost romantic—his own—or, more properly, his mother's tongue. Now her features had lost some of their roundness, her lips were more delicately curved, her profile more refined, her complexion no longer ruddy, but clear and transparent, yet without being pale or delicate. A very beautiful woman he thought her, yet scarcely the same whom he had cherished in his memory and looked upon often in his dreams.

It must be confessed also that this romance of his boyhood had given place to the sterner realities of life, and had almost faded out. He had been too much occupied with his work at the University to dwell with anything like constancy upon the vision of earlier years. The handkerchief with the initials was still preserved somewhere among his goods, but he had not looked at it nor thought of it for a long while, and could not readily have laid his hand upon it. Even now, though the sight of Marian had roused strong feelings of jealousy against the professor because he seemed to be on terms of more than ordinary intimacy with her, yet her appearance in a shape so changed and unfamiliar did not kindle in his heart that fervent devotion which might have been expected, but rather gave rise at the first moment to a feeling of disappointment.

Marian did not appear to recognise Adrien. Several times in the course of the afternoon she had occasion to speak to him, and once he fancied, as her eyes met his, that they lingered for an

instant inquiringly. But he was much more altered than herself with the lapse of years, and it was not surprising that she failed to discover in the tall, bearded Englishman, who was busy with his astronomical problems, the delicate-looking, excitable French boy whom she had seen only for a moment years ago, when he acted as interpreter for her to the railway porters.

Adrien had not much time now in the midst of other occupations to think about Marian. The professor had not favoured her with a look or a word since she entered the observatory. He was stretched upon his back upon a leathern couch or slab, with his eye glued to one of the telescopes. Perhaps that had something to do with Adrien's calmness and seeming indifference in regard to Miss Earle. He could not help following her with his eyes as she moved about among her visitors, and his ears drank in the music of her voice whenever she spoke aloud; but he did not seem to care very much about her, nevertheless. Marian Newton-Earle was not the M. N. E. of former days, but a different person altogether.

CHAPTER XV.—STARGAZERS.

An undevout astronomer is mad.—*Young.*

Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy.—*Milton.*

"Oh, Mr. Earle, Mr. Newton-Earle, we are so much obliged to you; it is so kind of you to let us come. I do so long to see a star by daylight. I hope you don't think us a *very* great nuisance; but you said we might come, did you not? And Montague—where is the boy gone?—Montague will be so intensely interested; he has such an inquiring mind, and is so fond of everything scientific."

The speaker was Lady Cornelia Keates, and Montague was Lady Cornelia's son, aged twelve. "Where is Montague?" she repeated. "I hope he has not got into any mischief."

Adrien searched for the boy through the different rooms of the observatory, fearing lest his inquiring mind might lead him to try experiments with some of the delicate instruments with which it was furnished; but he was nowhere to be found.

"What can have become of him?" his mother asked again. "But pray don't trouble yourself about him, he will come back presently, I have no doubt."

Adrien could not be so easily satisfied, and succeeded at length in discovering the young Montague out of doors, at the top of one of the ladders which formed part of the framework of the great telescope.

"Hurrah!" he exclaimed, waving his pocket-handkerchief in answer to Adrien's call—"hurrah! there ought to be a flag up here to stick on the top. What is this great pipe for? It's like a well. How deep is it?"

He was peeping over the edge of the telescope, which was pointed nearly perpendicularly to the sky. It was fortunate that he had not a stone with him, or his inquiring mind might possibly have led him to drop it down upon the reflector in

order to help his ideas as to the length or depth of it.

Adrien quickly brought the young philosopher down and took him to his mother, but resolved also to keep an eye upon him himself.

"How loud that clock ticks!" said the boy, presently; "it wants some oil—just there, on the escapement."

Professor Tycho Nunn made an impatient movement with his hand. His eye was at the "transit;" three ladies were watching him intently, and "wondering what he saw," but as long as they wondered in silence he took no notice of them. Adrien took the young Montague aside and told him that the clock was made to tick audibly that they whose eyes were engaged at the telescopes might hear the beats, and so mark the time by counting the seconds and subdividing them mentally, without having to look at the dial. He must therefore keep silence until the professor had finished his observation.

Montague then asked for further information in loud whispers. He thought that, as one eye only was wanted for the telescope, the other might be fixed upon the clock. It would only be like Cæsar, who used to write and read, listen and dictate, at the same time, according to the "Latin selections" which he had read at school. The ladies also, in loud whispers, tried to answer the boy's arguments; and then, seeing that the professor was getting fidgety, they all whispered at once to Monty, urging him to be silent. Whereupon Professor Nunn abandoned his place at the transit in despair, leaving his work unfinished.

"Now we may speak, may we not?" said Lady Cornelia, with a look of satisfaction.

"Yes," said the professor; "you may talk on now to your hearts' content. You can't do any more"—mischief, he would have added, but they were ladies and he a gentleman.

"And now you will show us a star by daylight, won't you?" said Lady Cornelia. "We have all been so good and patient while you were engaged with your important observations, that now I am sure you will give us our reward—we deserve it, don't we?"

"A star by daylight! You might see that without coming here," he answered.

"How? when? where?"

"From the bottom of a deep well," said the professor.

"A deep well! Oh, Mr. Nunn! how could you propose such a thing? You would not like to see me at the bottom of a deep well, I am sure."

The professor looked at Lady Cornelia as if he could have wished her there or anywhere else rather than by his side. But Mr. Newton, who had been waiting almost as impatiently as the ladies for him to finish his observations, now took possession of the telescope, and, with Adrien's assistance, proceeded to gratify their wishes.

For one who, like Lady Cornelia Keates, witnesses for the first time the passing of a star across the field of a good telescope, it is indeed a striking and fascinating sight. The glass having been adjusted with perfect accuracy, the observer waits expectant till a certain star which has been

promised appears at the exact moment on the verge of the field of vision, as if in answer to the word of call, passes deliberately across the circle, a point of silvery light, touches, as it were, the delicate lines into which the space is divided, the centre line of which marks the exact moment, or fraction of a moment, which the astronomical "time-table" predicts, and then, with unvarying evenness of pace, moves towards the opposite side of the circle, and is presently lost to view.

"Wonderful! beautiful! How exact! how very punctual! And, oh! how clever of you, Mr. Newton, to be able to say exactly when it is to appear, and to direct the telescope exactly where it is to pass! How did you do it? Do let me look at the time-table! Oh, I declare it is as puzzling as Bradshaw! But the train—the star, I mean—is much more punctual!"

"But how do you make the star come there just when you want it?" the boy Montague asked when he had been favoured with a view.

"I don't make it come," Mr. Newton replied, modestly; "I only direct the telescope so as to find it."

"But how do you know where to look for it, and when it will come?"

"The motion is according to fixed laws—laws which never vary. The same thing will happen to-morrow, and the next day, and the next. It has been so from the beginning of the world, and will continue so to the end of it."

"And how fast does the star travel?"

"The star, my good boy, does not travel at all; it is the earth that moves, and we move with it."

"But I saw the star moving; it came to the edge of the disc, as you call it, just when you said it would, and passed on steadily across it."

Mr. Newton smiled at the boy's ignorance, but did not condescend to explain.

"You will understand these things better," he said, "when you are older and wiser."

"Oh, yes!" cried one of the ladies, who had no doubt attained to both the qualifications mentioned—"oh, yes! but how curious it is!—so exact, so punctual! To think that the same star should come every day just at the same time and in the same place! It really is most astonishing!"

"It would be still more wonderful if another star were to come some day instead of it, or if they were to take it in turns to come," said Montague, innocently.

"Nature," said Mr. Newton, without heeding his remark—"nature is always punctual. A watch may go too fast, or too slow, but the earth and the heavenly bodies cannot make mistakes; if they were to do so the consequences would be fatal. Unpunctuality on the part of a star or a planet might destroy the entire system. These chronometers and timepieces, by the help of which we make our observations, and which do not vary a second in twenty-four hours, require regulating and correcting sometimes, but the stars are always to their time."

"What beautiful clocks they are?" said one of the company. "Who made them and who keeps them in order?"

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"They are Jones's workmanship ; they are the most perfect instruments that can be made, and Jones himself comes in from time to time to see to them. No one else ever meddles with them."

"And who regulates the stars ?" the young boy asked again.

Mr. Newton looked at him condescendingly, and smiled, pitying his simplicity. There was silence for a few moments, broken only by the loud clear ticking of the clock. Monty looked from one to another of the company, and would have repeated his question—not because he wanted an answer to it, but stimulated by the evident embarrassment it had occasioned—if he had not been admonished by a look from some of his elders to keep silence.

"Little boys should be seen, not heard," said some one, quietly.

"Like the stars," said another, half seriously.

"It's a natural question to ask, though," Adrien Brooke said, with some hesitation ; "and the stars are not altogether silent to those who have ears to hear. 'Day unto day uttereth speech ; night unto night sheweth knowledge.' I knew a man in Paris many years ago who lived in an attic, and who could almost fancy that the stars spoke to him as they passed before his window in the night, and would lie awake watching them and listening in his thoughts. Who regulates them, my boy ? Their Maker. He who created them and set them in motion. No other hand could do it. Only He who placed them in the heavens, and gave them their first impulse, could order their revolutions and maintain them in their orbits."

Two or three voices assented at once, and with an air of seriousness, to this obvious remark. There was a general feeling of relief that some one had ventured to speak out on such a subject. But Mr. Newton, who had overheard the last words of the speech, showed signs of impatience.

"Nature has her laws," he said, "and the stars are bound to follow them. We can judge of the laws by the results. It is enough for me to study the laws as they exist, and have existed always. As for the question how those laws began, or by what means they were established, I leave it, with all humility, to wiser heads than mine."

It was evident from his manner that he did not expect that many such would be found.

"Those who study nature and science," he went on—"science, I say, have enough to do without carrying their speculations farther—or higher, as some would express it."

An ominous silence followed this remark, the company looking dubiously at each other, and at Adrien, to whom principally it had been addressed. It was broken by Professor Nunn, who, looking up from a book, said in an undertone to Mr. Newton, "*Maxima debetur puerō reverentia*," and then went on with his reading.

Although Mr. Newton-Earle had expressed a wish earlier in the day that certain communications should be expressed in Latin, he did not seem very well pleased with the professor's remark on this occasion, but gave vent to his feelings only with a grunt, directing an angry look at

Adrien, with whom, nevertheless, the greater part of the company appeared to sympathise, though they did not say so openly.

"Now that is what I cannot understand," said Mr. Keates to his wife, as the party moved from the observatory to the lawn—"how a man of Mr. Newton's intelligence can hold such views ! Devoting all his time to the study of the heavens, as he says he does, observing the wonderful movements of those glorious bodies, the sun, moon, and stars, and the absolute precision and certainty with which everything is ordered, he yet seems to look upon the whole as a mere piece of mechanism, a fortuitous concourse of atoms, order evolved out of accident, depending upon no Creator or Ruler, and therefore without any final object or design. But Mr. Newton is shallow. I think it is Bacon who says, 'A little philosophy inclineth a man's mind to atheism ; but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds to religion.' Mr. Newton ought not to utter his loose opinions in the presence of a child at all events, as Professor Nunn gave him to understand. And yet Monty is far more sensible than he, for he will not be satisfied without having a reason for everything that he sees. Only the other day, when he saw the brushes revolving in the hairdresser's shop, he insisted on going into the cellar to look at the machinery that kept them going. Yet this philosopher is satisfied to watch the revolutions of the heavenly bodies without even a conjecture as to the great First Cause. Why, Newton—Newton-Earle, of course I mean—is a fool to Monty."

"It is very nice for Monty to be able to come here and get a view of the stars or the moon through the telescopes," Lady Cornelie replied ; "it will enlarge his ideas and give him food for reflection ; but I should be sorry for him to hear what Mr. Newton has to say upon the subject. He had better keep such opinions to himself. I don't think much of science without religion."

"Newton-Earle is not really a man of science," was the answer ; "he has no depth. There is more vanity than knowledge in this display of astronomical apparatus ; his opinions are of no weight whatever."

"A child would not understand that," said Lady Cornelie. "I wonder who that is who spoke so nicely to Montague ; no ordinary person, I am sure. Try to find out."

Others also were asking who it was that had ventured to speak so plainly and in a manner which could not fail of being distasteful to the owner of the house. "Who is he ?" they began to ask in whispers. Adrien had not been introduced to any one. Even Marian, when appealed to, could not give any account of him. It was some one whom her father had invited ; but she had not heard his name.

The boy Montague, who had taken a fancy to Adrien and followed him about, observing that he was an object of attention and conjecture, went straight to the point, and, looking up in his face, simply rather than boldly, asked him,

"Are you Mr. Newton's son ?"

"No," said Adrien.

"His brother, then ?"

"Why do you ask? Am I so like him?"

"Not at all; but you seem to know all about everything. Who are you, then?"

Adrien answered only with a smile.

"Oh, Monty, how rude you are," his mother said. She had affected not to hear him until she found that no reply to his question was forthcoming. "And yet," she added, turning to Adrien, "I should have made the same inquiry if I had dared."

Adrien bowed and told Lady Cornelia his name. "A stranger," he added. "I am indebted to a mere accident for the privilege of being here to-day."

Some conversation followed, the end of which was that Mr. Keates gave Adrien his card, and asked him to call upon him at his house in Stanhope Street. The company soon afterwards dispersed.

CHAPTER XVI.—STANHOPE STREET.

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot.

—Thomson.

ADRIEN BROOKE had already taken leave of Mr. Newton-Earle, thanking him for the pleasant hours he had passed in the observatory, when Professor Tycho Nunn called after him.

"Not going?" he said; "not going, Mr. Brooke? See what an evening it is, clear and calm and beautiful. A splendid time it will be for looking after those comets. I mean to make a night of it. You will stay, of course?"

It was a great temptation, but Adrien did not feel satisfied to spend the remainder of the Sunday as the greater part of it had already been passed. He excused himself, therefore, but obtained permission to return later in the evening.

Herr Pracht, who had been wondering what had become of his friend, listened with great interest to Adrien's description of the Newton House observatory, and was especially pleased to hear of the distinguished company which Adrien had met there. Mr. Keates's card gave occasion for many felicitations, especially when it was told that that gentleman's *gemahlin, frau*, or wife was a lady of title.

Pracht could not understand how that might be. An earl's daughter, a lady in her own right, and her husband plain Mr. Keates! At least he must be a "sir" or an "honourable," Herr Pracht maintained, by virtue of such alliance.

"Well, you will call upon him, of course," he said, "and will see. Has he perhaps a high-well-born daughter? Would she also be a miladi? Ah-ha! who knows what may fall up?"

Herr Pracht fixed his eyes solemnly on Adrien's handsome face and figure. Adrien was almost an Adonis in his eyes. Moreover, he was a Cambridge B.A., a scholar, and an honour man—a "jangler." Adrien had only to get the *entrée* into aristocratic society and his fortune would be made.

"Yes," Adrien said, in a tone of voice that lent

no encouragement to his friend's conjectures and forecasts—"yes, I will call. They have a son, at all events, a nice intelligent boy. I will take your card with me. They may perhaps want lessons for him."

"What! my card! No, in no ways. You shall not speak my name inside their doors. You shall not tell them that you dwell with a teacher of languages. It is an honourable profession, but your high-well-born people do not always think so. No, Adrien, you must always be my friend, whatever happens; but must not be tied down to my stand-place. You will be a great man, a lord, perhaps, and I should only hinder you. You must go among those ladies and their 'misters' as a gentleman. I am only a professor; that is nothing."

"We shall see about that," said Adrien. It was not the first time that Herr Pracht had expressed his determination not to be a hindrance to Adrien in attaining the exalted position in life which the good German had predicted for him.

Adrien did not say anything to his friend just then about Marian, of the initials. He went in the evening to church, and, as it happened, to the same church which Marian attended. He followed the sound of the same bells which Marian had followed in the morning, and found, by a mere chance, perhaps, a vacant seat near her. He could not help looking at her during the service. She was a little in advance of him across the aisle, and thus he had a good view of her profile. Yes, she was certainly very much altered; but he could recognise the face and the expression that he had formerly observed, and she grew more like her younger self the more he looked at her.

But this was not what he had come to church for. He might as well have spent the evening in the observatory with Professor Nunn. And he turned away his eyes and endeavoured to bring his thoughts more into harmony with the sacred duty in which he was outwardly engaged.

Adrien returned to Newton House in the evening, following in Marian's footsteps at a respectful distance. He saw two comets, but he did not again see Marian. Refreshments were brought to the observatory, where Mr. Newton helped to discuss them, after which he retired. Adrien then found an opportunity of asking Professor Nunn about Mr. Keates and his family, but the only information he could gain was that they were tiresome people, the boy especially; the young monkey had interrupted him at a critical moment with some question or other, and he hoped he should never see any of them there again.

A few days later Adrien called at Stanhope Street, and was shown upstairs at once to Lady Cornelia's boudoir.

"I have been expecting you," she said, rising and offering him her hand. "I am so much obliged to you for what you said to Monty that day at Newton House. And, do you know, you have quite won that boy's heart. He has been asking every day when you were coming. You showed him so many interesting things, and kept him near you all the time. It was so kind of you."

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MONTAGUE WAS STILL THE SUBJECT OF CONVERSATION.

"Not at all! To be candid, I was afraid—"

"Oh, yes; you were afraid he would do mischief."

"He is very active. I found him at the top of the great telescope."

"Oh, yes; Monty is very active."

"And inquiring. He wanted to slide down it to see what was at the bottom of the tube."

"That's just Monty's way; he will get to the bottom of everything."

"Or to drop a stone down to measure the depth."

"I dare say," Lady Octavia replied, with a look of pleasure; "Monty is so practical, and so fond of science, and so quick and clever."

"I could imagine so," said Adrien, with perfect truth.

"Of course you could! You could judge for yourself. I saw that you took notice of him."

After some further conversation Mr. Keates entered the room. Montague was still the subject of conversation: he was delicate and excitable; his brain was too active; he had been at school, but they had been obliged to remove him and to keep him at home. The upshot of it all was that they wanted a tutor for him—some one to talk to him and direct him without exhausting his brain. As Adrien had lately left Cambridge, they thought

it possible he might be able to "mention some one" who would undertake the charge.

Adrien recommended Herr Pracht, but that did not meet their views. They did not wish for a foreigner; foreigners had such strange ideas about religion. Many of them held views similar to those expressed by Mr. Newton-Earle, which were very objectionable.

Adrien protested that his friend Pracht was no infidel, though he could not deny that his ideas on the subject of religion were not very definite. He next mentioned one of his University friends, whom he could recommend with confidence, but Lady Cornelia did not even then seem satisfied. The conversation was interrupted by the appearance of Monty himself, who went straight up to Adrien, shook hands with him, and asked him why he had not come sooner, and when he was coming for good.

He was only restrained by a word and a sign from his mother from repeating his question, and, luncheon being fortunately announced at that moment, Adrien went with them to the dining-room. Monty secured a place for himself next to Adrien, and then introduced him to his sister, who sat opposite to him.

Miss Octavia Keates—or "Oggie," as she was usually called—was a large and plump-looking girl of nineteen or twenty years of age, and a great contrast in every way to her brother. Her

voice was loud and unmusical, and she took no pains to modulate it. She was awkward in manner, and made use of clumsy gesticulations by way of enforcing what she had to say. She was perfectly free from affectation, and very good-natured both in look and in fact. Adrien could not help feeling amused as he thought of Herr Pracht's speculations and hopes in regard to the high-well-born daughter of the Lady Cornelia Keates.

When luncheon was over, Oggie being the last to lay down her knife and fork, Monty was sent out of the room under her charge, and they were heard racing together upon the staircase.

"He is so intelligent," Lady Cornelia said, by way of leading back to the subject which had occupied them before luncheon. "He would be an interesting pupil to any one who—who—" and she paused and looked at him.

Adrien would no longer affect not to understand her. He had intended to devote some hours daily to pupils, but of maturer age than Monty. He wished also to have the greater part of his time at his own disposal, as he had begun to study for the Bar. He was willing, however, when the question was placed before him, to take charge of Montague's education for a time. Handsome terms were offered him, and it was arranged that he should attend for two or three hours daily in Stanhope Street.

Herr Pracht was immensely elated when he heard the result of Adrien's visit.

"That is the beginning," he said; "you will find your way quickly upwards—upwards. But I shall lose you; that will be the worst."

"Why lose me?"

"You will go and live there; this lodging will not be equal for you, it will not be proper, and it will be too far off."

"No; it was proposed that I should remove nearer to Stanhope Street, and I objected."

"Yes," said Pracht, "but it will follow, and I shall rejoice thereat; it will be for you best. And the daughter," he asked, suddenly, after a gloomy pause, "the young miladi?"

"I met her at luncheon," said Adrien.

"Ah, then, I was right. She is; she exists. What is her name?"

"Octavia, I suppose; they called her Oggie."

"Hoggie?"

"You need not aspirate it," said Adrien.

"Not exasperate it? No. It is a pretty name; and the lady, is she also charming? Yes?"

Adrien would not give an opinion, but changed the subject; and Pracht sat looking at him with inquiring eyes through the cloud of tobacco smoke which came with quick irregular puffs from his meerschaum.

"It is not love at first sight," he said to himself, "but it will come, perhaps; and if not, yet it may be arranged, and they may be very happy together without romantic follies. It would be a great thing for Adrien to marry a miladi; and the house betokens richness."

Herr Pracht knew what the house was like, for he had walked past it the day after Adrien had told him of his having been invited to call there, and had taken mental notes of its size and situation.

He had seen a handsome carriage at the door, a portly butler and servants in livery. It was a grand thing, Herr Pracht considered, for Adrien to have gained a footing there, especially now that his conjecture as to the existence of a daughter had proved to be correct. Adrien must marry the daughter, he repeated to himself; he, Herr Pracht, must bring him to that mind. It would be the making of him.

But the good man's thoughts were not untinged with sadness, for he knew that such a change for Adrien would set up a barrier between them, and that he should lose his companion, if not his friend. Adrien, for his part, was not at all elated by the German's aspiration. He rose and went to his own room, from the window of which he could see the two cupolas in Mr. Newton's grounds, and the frame of ladders upon which the great telescope was supported. How strangely things had turned out, he said to himself, and how differently from what his first experiences in London might have led him to expect! Eight years ago he had found it impossible to earn even a shilling, except by a preposterous and degrading performance which it had been little less than an insult to propose. Now, though he had scarcely been a week in the metropolis, a competency was assured him for the present, which, through Mr. Keates's influence, might possibly be the means of opening out to him a permanent and lucrative career. As his thoughts went back to that first and painful experience of London life, the form and features of Marian Newton-Earle, not in her girlhood, but as he had seen her recently in church, seemed to be vividly depicted in his memory. They had met now for the third time. He did not think that she had recognised him. What would be the result if they should become better acquainted? He was not in love with her, nor likely to be; so he told himself. She was apparently engaged already to Professor Nunn. He wondered much that she could have admitted such a suitor, but he felt persuaded that such was the fact. If it had been any one more calculated to make her happy, and more worthy of her in every way, he would not have been so much disturbed at the supposed engagement. He hoped it might not be true; but he feared it (though it was nothing, really, to him), and was restless and miserable in consequence.

Following unconsciously the train of reverie to which these musings led him, those three or four years of his life which had been spent in Paris before his mother's untimely death passed in review. It was a long time since he had heard from Thérèse—Madame Grolleau, as she was now called. She had a comfortable home, and, together with her husband, a good business as *marchande de modes*. She had often talked of going to London, but had not yet accomplished it. Adrien longed to see his old *bonne*, but there was not much prospect of that at present. La Roche, it may be told at once, had come to grief. The office of the "Tisonneur" was closed. The Goddess of Reason had disappeared from her throne in the window, had been sold by auction with other effects as part of a bankrupt stock, and

thrust away in the back yard of a broker's shop for sparrows to alight on. It was well for Adrien that the prizes he had gained during his career at the University had sufficed, with such little addition as he could earn by writing, to maintain him there, for supplies from Paris had failed long ago. Whatever money he might have been entitled to from his mother had been in La Roche's hands and had disappeared with him. No one knew what had become of La Roche, and perhaps no one cared, except Thérèse, who was anxious on Adrien's account for the sake of the missing *rentes*.

Vernier, when Adrien last heard of him, was still in his old lodging in the Rue Jean Jacques following his old pursuits. What delight it would afford him, Adrien thought, if he could spend a day at the Newton House observatory! That would be a treat indeed. Some day, perhaps, it might be brought about. But no! on second thoughts that could hardly be. Adrien was doubtful whether he himself should ever set foot again within those charmed walls. Even if he should be sent for he doubted whether it would be prudent for him to avail himself of the invitation. Marian and Professor Tycho Nunn! pah! he could not endure to think of them together. Yet what difference would it make to him, if Marian—if Miss Newton-Earle—liked the man and could be happy with him? There was no accounting for tastes. Of course the professor liked her, if indeed he were capable of liking any one who did not wear blue spectacles; and of course he *loved* the observatory. It was very ridiculous; but Adrien could afford to smile at it.

And he did smile: but much in the way of those who laugh with one side of the face and cry with the other; and even that poor parody of mirth faded away suddenly as he caught sight of a female figure on the footpath opposite his window. Shrinking behind the curtain he watched Marian as she approached, saw her pass, and followed her with his eyes till she was out of sight. Even then he remained motionless, gazing towards the spot where she had disappeared.

"Pracht was right," he said at length, with a sigh; "it would be better for me to remove from here and take rooms nearer Stanhope Street. I must think about it. He would not like to be left alone, of course; dear old fellow; but it would perhaps be for the best."

But even while he argued thus he felt in his heart that he should remain in his present lodging, and that, instead of fleeing from the vicinity of Newton House, he should grudge even the few hours daily spent at a distance from it.

And, the next day being Sunday, he went again to the same church as before, and to the same seat, and returned, both in the morning and evening, as little satisfied with himself for his want of attention to the services in which he should have taken part as on the Sunday previous. As to the sermon, Herr Pracht, who had stayed at home cherishing that perpetual fire in the pipe-bowl under his nose, knew almost as much of the text and subject of the discourse as Adrien could have told him.

CHAPTER XVII.—GELIDO IN NEMORE.

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.—*Burns*.

A NOTHER week passed, and Saturday, with its half-holiday for many of the toilers in the great metropolis, and its double work for others, came again. Professor Nunn, in common with Herr Pracht, our friend Adrien, and the general body of those whose occupation is to instruct others, was among the number to whom the seventh day of the week brings rest, or at least comparative leisure. To such men, however, a holiday is very often merely a change of work, and neither of the persons we have named were idle on the Saturday in question.

Professor Nunn betook himself a short time before noon to the observatory, where he shut himself up alone. He had called at Adrien's rooms in passing, and, as Adrien was not at home, had left a card with a message written on it inviting him to join him in the observatory as soon as he should return. Mr. Newton was absent, and the professor was much in need of assistance. But it was late in the day before Adrien received the notification.

The equatorial was difficult to manage without some help. John Pook, the footman, was sent for and instructed as to certain manipulations, which were not altogether strange to him, as it was not the first time that he had been called in for want of a better man. Indeed Pook considered himself quite an astronomer. He knew the names of many of the stars, and could talk learnedly, in the servants' hall, about comets and constellations, "happy-gee and perry-gee," "hobjeck-glasses," and the signs of the "zogiak." To the professor his conceit was offensive and aggravating, rendering him much less useful and efficient than he had been when everything was new to him and unfamiliar. Then he had acted strictly and anxiously upon the instructions given. Now he had a reputation of his own to sustain, and lost no opportunity of showing how much, or rather how little, he knew, paying very slight attention to the professor's directions, but taking an independent line of his own—"same as before."

The consequence was that the professor found himself at a loss just at the most critical moments, and never knew what might happen to him, when, with his eye fixed to the glass, his ear intent upon the pulsations of the sidereal clock, and his fingers upon the adjusting screw, he wished for nothing but to be left for a few minutes without interruption.

At just such a moment, when he was balancing half seconds in his mind, as the star on the field passed over the space between the wires, John Pook would ask him with polite attention, "Can you see, sir?" or, stepping hastily to the chair on which he sat or reclined, would unexpectedly wind him up or down to what he considered a more comfortable or convenient angle.

"Oh dear, this will never do!" the professor cried at last. "What on earth are you about, Pook? Can't you do as you are bid?"

Pook felt that he had fulfilled that duty. He had been a little *too* attentive, that was all. His vanity was ruffled, and when the next crisis came he forgot or omitted to execute the simple but important process which had been entrusted to him, and when Mr. Nunn expostulated drew himself up and answered that he was afraid of doing too much, and there didn't seem to be no pleasing of the professor.

The astronomer was at a nonplus; he was half inclined to send for Digweed or for Digweed's wife. Digweed and his wife, to say nothing of the dog, entertained an inveterate objection to Professor Nunn, on account of the daily trouble he gave them in opening the gate for him; but he was quite unconscious of this; the ill-humours and ill-manners of Cerberus were lost upon the professor as he passed in or out, his eyes fixed upon the ground and his thoughts high up among the stars. Digweed he thought might do, or Mrs. Digweed, or, better still, Miss Earle, if she would come.

He sent a message to Marian, begging her to hasten to his relief; it was important, urgent; he entreated her to come at once.

Marian obeyed the summons, and Pook, finding himself supplanted, and disdaining to be put under any one else, especially a female, in a question of science, slipped off and left them to themselves.

The observation was now completed without any more difficulty, and for an hour or more the professor went on with his work so pleasantly and smoothly that he almost forgot who it was that was assisting him.

"You can do without me now?" Marian said by-and-by.

"Do without you?" the professor answered; "no! never!"

Marian looked at him with surprise. What could he mean? Perhaps he hardly knew himself.

"What a beautiful hand yours is," the professor said.

Marian thought he was looking at her ungloved fingers. It was impossible to see which way his eyes were turned behind those glasses. The thought did also occur to her that he might be about to ask for the hand which he admired, and she put it hastily behind her.

"Your handwriting, I mean," he continued. "These notes that you have been making for me are beautifully written; so round and legible; not like a lady's hand at all. I wish I could always have some one to write for me in this style. Ha, ha! I see you misinterpreted me. A good joke, ha! ha!"

The joke had only just then begun to dawn upon him.

"No, no, my dear Miss Newton," he went on, "I do not pay compliments, it is not in my way. Not that it would have been a *compliment* merely if I had said what I meant. Dear me! if I had meant what I said—I mean to say—if—dear me!"

He stopped confused, and murmured, "*Gamma Orionis*," showing plainly how far away his thoughts were wandering.

Recovering himself, and anxious, as it seemed, to make some atonement for his want of gallantry,

he took Marian's hand and held it, in spite of her reluctance, scanning it as if he had been about to tell her fortune by palmistry.

"I meant to say," he went on, "that it is really a very pretty hand—the hand itself—and very soft and pleasant to the touch. Don't withdraw it, Marian; don't go away and leave me, I have not done yet."

He looked round at the telescope and then again at Marian.

"Don't go, Marian," he said again. "I may call you Marian, may I not, as an old friend of your father? Yet not old in an abstract sense; I did not mean that; oh, no, not old. Stay one minute—I just wanted to observe—now that we are alone—just to observe—"

"I'll send John Pook," said Marian; "he can help you with the observation this time;" and before he could speak again she had disappeared and left him to himself.

"Dear me!" said the professor; "how precipitate she is; and how very matter-of-fact! It is a pity she did not understand me. I must follow and explain myself. She thought I was going to the instruments again for another observation. I almost wonder she did not apprehend my purpose; and yet I was scarcely aware of it myself till the moment offered: it seemed to grow out of the occasion. I do not know how I shall be able to bring myself to it again. I wonder she did not perceive my meaning. She is usually so very quick and clever."

Marian had gone straight across the lawn to the house; but thinking it possible that Professor Nunn might follow her there, and that she might be unable to escape him, she went out again by another door and sought refuge in a secluded walk, which, as it was overgrown with trees which shut out the face of the sky, the professor had never been known to penetrate. But it happened on this occasion, that after he had advanced a few steps across the lawn in pursuit of his intention, and of Marian, it occurred to him that he had perhaps himself been too "precipitate." If Marian had not "misinterpreted" him, he might have been at that very moment an engaged man: it was a serious, a solemn, a tremendous thought! A step in that direction could not easily be retraced. He had not seriously resolved on matrimony, yet he had been within "a third of a second," so to speak, of being committed to it. True, the professor had been considering in his mind for months past, almost for years, that it would be a good and a pleasant thing for him to marry Mr. Newton's daughter—especially when he thought of the observatory (which was nearly always)—but it had been rather as a theory or problem which he had not yet worked out than as a practical truth. Yet now, almost before he knew where he was, or what he was saying he had been within a fraction of a degree of making Marian an offer, and but for an accident, a slight misunderstanding on her part, he might have been already as good as married.

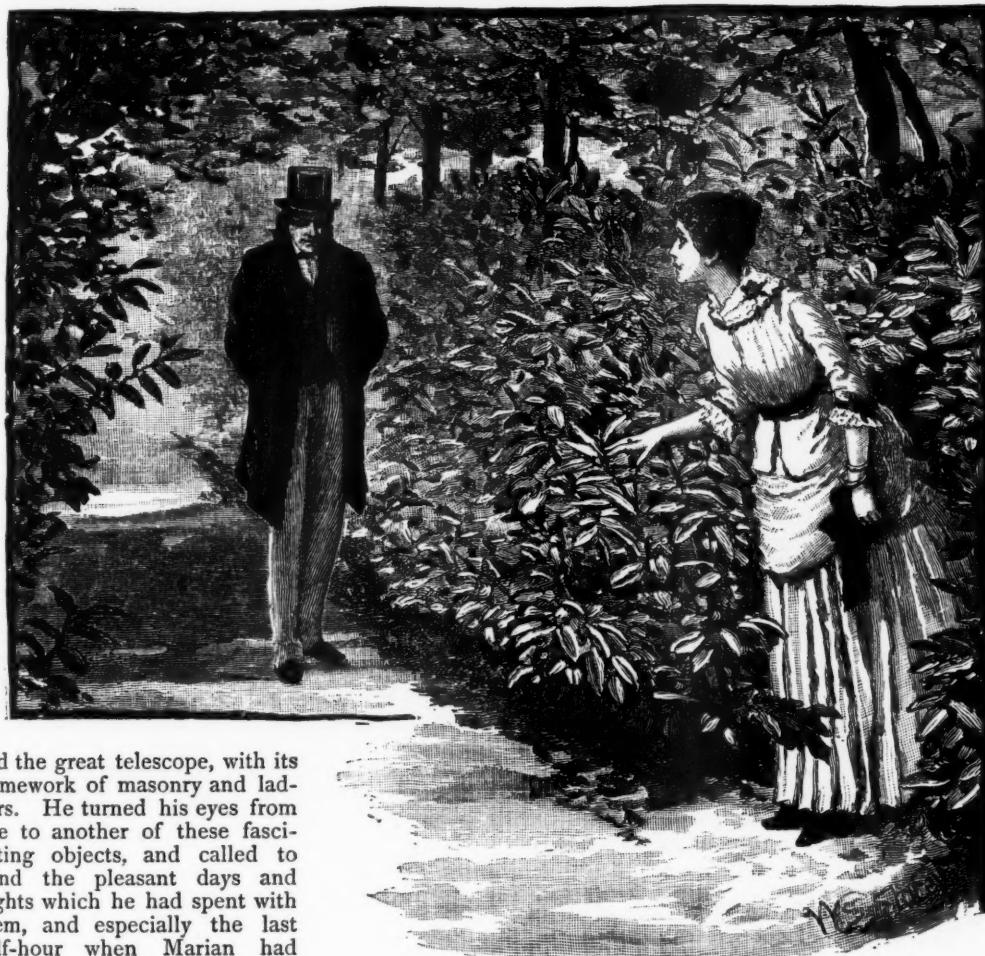
He lingered in his pace as this thought came upon him, and took two or three moody turns about the lawn. The observatory was before him

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THE ROUND INEXPRESSIVE GLASSES ADVANCED TOWARDS HER LIKE A FATE.

and the great telescope, with its framework of masonry and ladders. He turned his eyes from one to another of these fascinating objects, and called to mind the pleasant days and nights which he had spent with them, and especially the last half-hour when Marian had been his agreeable and judicious assistant. He thought of her neat and accurate handwriting as it appeared in the memoranda she had made at his dictation; and reflected that he should want her help again presently if Mr. Brooke should not arrive.

"I wish she had stayed," he said to himself. "I really do wish she had not so misinterpreted me. I wonder she did not discern what I was about to say. If I had engaged myself to her, I should not have repented. No; I really don't think I should have had any reason to repent. I would do the same again if the opportunity should again offer; I would really."

Still musing, and hardly able to decide whether to renew the attempt to make himself understood, or to take a little more time to think about it before committing himself finally, Professor Nunn turned aside, as chance would have it, into the very path, the dark and shady path to which Marian had fled for refuge.

Marian saw him coming, but could not escape. The shady walk was a "No thoroughfare," fenced on each side with shrubs and terminating in a summer-house. The round inexpressive glasses

advanced towards her like a fate, and she crept to the side of the pathway, hoping that the orbs which they concealed might be turned in another direction. She could only wait in the hope that they would come and go without having detected her. They came and went more than once as the professor stalked up and down the dusky avenue, but his face was towards the ground. He was muttering and arguing with himself half aloud and quite unconscious of any other presence. Marian did not wish to play the listener, and would have fled from the spot; but the spectacles barred the way, and she could not avoid hearing a little of his soliloquy.

"I wish she were here now," Professor Nunn was saying. "I should endeavour to speak more plainly. The more I think of it the more I feel convinced that it would be a good thing for me, and for Marian also. It is a pity she misapprehended me at such a moment. She must have done so, or she would not have offered to send John Pook to take her place. John Pook is an idiot—Ursa Major, ha, ha! and Marian is an

angel—Virgo, ho, ho! She is so quick and clever, and writes so neatly. She would be an excellent assistant, a help-meet as well as a helpmate. I wish she were here now. I should not hesitate to propose matrimony. I should not be afraid to venture, all things considered. I don't think I should repent of it, I don't indeed."

A rustling among the shrubs, caused by an effort which Marian made to alter her position, attracted the professor's attention, and looking up, he beheld the object of his affectionate meditation standing before him entangled in the bushes.

"Marian!" he exclaimed; "so then you saw me come here and have followed? I am glad, very glad. You did not quite understand me in the observatory, did you? I was going to observe—"

She tried to pass him, but he caught her by the hand and held it tight.

"I was going to ask you—will you—will you—will you, Marian, join your lot with mine, and, in fact, marry me?"

The sentence was begun with so much hesitation, and finished so abruptly, that Marian, however seriously she might have felt her position a moment before, could not help smiling.

"You are pleased," he said, with excitement. "I thought you would be. We are so well suited to each other, are we not? We have the same pursuits, the same tastes—"

He still had her hand in his, and she was endeavouring to withdraw it. Professor Nunn lifted it to his lips. He had a vague idea that he ought to go down upon his knees, and lowering himself carefully to a half-kneeling posture, he bent over her hand caressingly.

At that moment a voice sounded close to his shoulder—

"Oh, I say!"

He started up. Marian had fled, and in her place he beheld Montague Keates.

"I am afraid I have disturbed you," the boy said, laughing. "Digweed told me you had come this way, and sent me here to look for you. I am so sorry I interrupted you." And he laughed again as if he could not help it.

"You ought not to approach in this clandestine manner," said the professor.

"I never thought of that," said Monty. "Digweed said you were in the dark walk, so of course I came here. Mr. Brooke is in the observatory waiting for you. You left a message for him to come, and he brought me with him."

"Digweed ought not to have sent you here," said the professor.

"I'll tell him you don't like it," Monty answered, "and why."

"You had better hold your tongue. Little boys should be seen, not heard. Better still if they were neither seen nor heard," he muttered. Boys, in his opinion, were a mistake.

"Mr. Brooke is waiting for you," Monty said again.

"Tell him I'll come to him presently."

Montague departed, and the professor took another turn or two up and down the shady walk. He had put the question plainly enough now, he said to himself, and Marian had smiled

upon him; it had evidently given her pleasure. She had not spoken, but silence, especially in such a business as this, was always understood to signify consent. It was a pity they had been disturbed at the critical moment by that young Keates. What was he to think? Had Marian indeed accepted him? Was he engaged? Was he pledged to her irrevocably? How was he to behave at their next meeting? It was very embarrassing. The professor did not know whether he was to consider himself as a plighted, betrothed, and almost married man, or whether he was still at liberty to reconsider the question.

He turned away at length from the grove, and forgetting all about Adrien, who was waiting for him in the observatory, went towards the gate. Digweed kept him standing there for some moments, while the dog flew to the length of the chain, as it always did when he approached.

"Lie down, Canicula, good dog!" said the professor—"lie down, Canicula!" but Canicula only tugged at his chain more fiercely. Digweed came from his lodge with the key, and bowed to the professor as he opened the door for him.

"Thank you, Digweed," he said, blandly. "I think, Digweed, it would be as well to take up a link or two of Canicula's chain, it appears to be rather longer than it was."

"He have stretched it, maybe," said Digweed, gravely; "it were very thin, I know."

He bowed again as the professor wished him good evening. It was curious that he should be so polite; Mr. Nunn could not help noticing it. Could he have heard already that a matrimonial alliance was in contemplation—and, in fact, arranged, if such was indeed the understanding? Did Digweed look upon him already as one of the family, and as part owner of the observatory? It was a startling thought, and Professor Nunn hardly knew whether he liked it or the contrary.

If he had caught sight of the porter's face looking after him, and of Mrs. Digweed peering over her husband's shoulder, he could not have failed to notice the sardonic grin with which their features were distorted. Whatever Cerberus might have heard or surmised, there was nothing of congratulation in their features. The animosity of the three-headed was not in any degree mitigated by what had taken place in the dark walk.

There were others also watching his departure. Montague Keates, with a binocular before his eyes and a smile upon his lips, from the steps of the observatory; and Adrien, with a puzzled look, from one of the windows.

Montague, of course, had run direct to his friend, and had described to him the scene which he had witnessed, but Adrien, like the professor, was left in uncertainty as to the result. One thing was plain, that up to this time, at all events, there had been no engagement between Mr. Nunn and Marian. Was that the case still? The professor had now proposed; had Marian accepted him? Adrien could not question his pupil on that point, and if he had done so the boy might not have been able to satisfy him.

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Montague had been very much amused, and repeated, unasked, two or three times, all that he had witnessed. His lively genius did not fail to perceive the keen interest and concern which his words inspired in Adrien. But he could not himself say how the case stood between the professor and Marian. Marian was smiling, he said. Nunn was down almost upon his knees and kissing her hand. The moment Marian saw him she ran off, and the professor was very angry with him for having interrupted them; but it was not his fault.

Digweed had sent him there, and he believed Digweed did it on purpose.

"Was he really angry," Adrien asked, "or was it only assumed?"

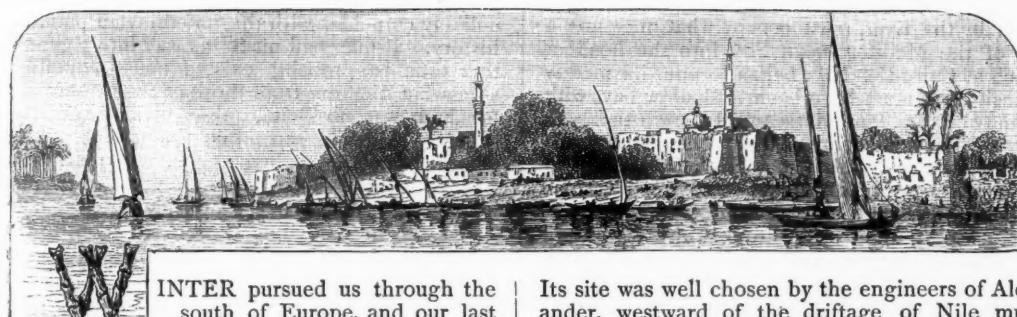
"Really angry; as cross as two sticks, and blew me up," said the boy.

That was the best thing that Adrien had heard yet. Professor Nunn could not have been angry and cross at such a moment if Marian had accepted him. He would have been too transcendently happy to have even dissembled his joy.

ROUGH NOTES OF A NATURALIST'S VISIT TO EGYPT.

BY PRINCIPAL DAWSON OF MONTREAL

I.



WINTER pursued us through the south of Europe, and our last view of Italy was of the old gneissose mountains behind Cape Spartivento, and the more recent cone of *Ætna*, mantled in snow and capped with driving clouds. The cutting Tramontane—which had caused us to wear winter wraps in Naples, and had more sharply assailed us on the top of Vesuvius—followed us across the Mediterranean, with the addition of occasional rain-squalls, giving to the "Great Sea" the aspect of the North Atlantic in winter. But New Year's Day brought a change for the better, and after we had passed Candia we entered on a more genial climate, with mild southerly breezes and fleecy clouds floating in clear blue sky. In the two past days, even in our good steamer *La Seyne*, we could in some degree sympathise with the sufferings of St. Paul and his companions in their long winter voyage, though our north-easter was no doubt but a faint representation of his fourteen days of "Euroaquilo." To-day we can imagine the pleasures of summer on the sunny sea, celebrated by so many poetic voyagers—the beautiful but capricious sea which has borne the barks of sailors of many lands ever since the Phœnicians and the old Pelasgi—"sons of Poseidon"—first launched their boats upon it.

And now Alexandria appears before us, its buildings and groves of palms seeming to float on the sea with no appreciable foundation of land.

Its site was well chosen by the engineers of Alexander, westward of the driftage of Nile mud, which has blocked so many other harbours on this coast, in shelter of a natural breakwater projecting from the ridge of sand and soft limestone which here fringes the Delta and Lake Mareotis, near the quarries of a soft but useful building stone, and conveniently placed for tapping the great western branch of the Nile. These natural advantages would have made it a greater and more prosperous city than it has been but for the interference of human passions, aggravated in intensity by the fact that it has always of necessity been a meeting-place of diverse and incongruous national elements. The last example is seen in the ruins of the great square, now being laboriously removed. Alexandria, from its maritime position, is an exception to the proverbial dryness of the Egyptian climate. Its streets were wet and muddy on the morning of our arrival, and rain fell heavily all the forenoon. The vegetation and the atmosphere were, however, those of a warmer climate than that of any part of Europe.

Alexandria and its people have much of an Old World aspect, but strangely mingled with what is new; and though a modern city in comparison with some others in Egypt, it is historically old. Yet to the geologist its site, and the delta on the margin of which it stands, are but of yesterday, and the stone, of which the mole and the houses are mostly built, is also of comparatively modern date. Except the shafts of columns and masses

of stone brought down from Upper Egypt, there is nothing here so old as the London clay. The soft limestone and indurated sand of the vicinity of the city are of late tertiary age, probably a little older than the advent of man. The mud of the Delta stretching southward of the city is most likely a deposit of the historical human period.

Let us inquire what this modern date really means, and what is implied in the often-quoted statements of Herodotus, that Egypt is "the gift of the Nile," and that the Delta is younger than the Egyptian people. The Delta is a triangular plain, having its apex at Cairo, where the narrow valley of the Nile begins to widen out into the Delta, and its base on the Mediterranean. The distance from the base to the apex of the triangle is a little more than a hundred miles, and the length of the base about a hundred and fifty miles. The one side is formed by the Libyan desert and the eastern side by the Arabian desert, both dry and sandy, a little higher than the level of the Delta, and based on somewhat older formations. The Delta being composed of Nile mud brought down by the river, must occupy what once was a bay of the Mediterranean Sea, into the head of which at Cairo the Nile began to pour its muddy deposits. It must have been a shallow bay, with a sandy bottom, for on its seaward margin there are belts of limestone composed of fragments of shells and of sea-sand, which must have been thrown up before there was any delta. Farther, in various parts of the Delta, there are sandbanks, which are portions of the old sea-bottom projecting above the alluvial deposit, and which are now often occupied by the towns and mud villages of the people. Had the Nile begun to pour its waters into a deep bay, there might have been no Delta, or only one of very small dimensions. The way was prepared for this wonderful deposit by previous geological processes of a somewhat remarkable character. Before noticing them, and remarking on their dates, it may be well to premise that the borings hitherto made in the Nile sediment give it a depth of about sixty feet; and, according to Fegari Bey, works of man are found to only about half that depth, though at the estimated rate of deposit of one-twentieth of an inch annually, this would give a great historical antiquity to man in Egypt, and would still leave a vast period of accumulation before his arrival. There is, however, good reason to suppose that, though the estimate above stated may be near the truth for modern times, it cannot represent sufficiently that of the earlier history of the river. It applies also to the valley above the Delta, rather than to the Delta itself. So far as the latter is concerned, the frequency of bare patches of sand seems to imply that the original surface was somewhat uneven, and that in most places the alluvial deposit is not very deep.

These points being understood, two questions present themselves—When did the Nile begin to deposit sediment in the Delta? and in what condition did it find the area for such deposit? Neglecting for the present previous changes of bed, the period immediately preceding the introduction of man on the earth, that usually known as the

glacial or pleistocene age terminated in the northern hemisphere with a great and very general submergence of the land. At this time the greater part of Northern Africa was probably under the sea, and the portions out of water must have had a very moist and cool climate compared with that which they experience at present. This submergence was succeeded by what Lyell has termed the "second continental period" of the later tertiary age. In this the Mediterranean was smaller than at present, and what is now the Delta was probably an arid region, with a narrow belt of verdure along the Nile of that time, which may have occupied a continuation of its present channel across the area of the Delta. This old channel, which may have been excavated as early as the pleocene period, may yet be discovered by boring, and in the operations of this kind, which I am informed are at present in progress, under the auspices of the British Government, I hope an attempt will be made to find it.

This second continental period was that of palaeocosmic, or "palaeolithic" man, and it not unlikely coincides with the antediluvian period of history. If man had made his way into Egypt at that time he probably existed under conditions somewhat different from those of the present day, for there was no Delta, unless in a district now submerged. The second continental period was closed by a new submergence, apparently of a very limited duration, though of great extent and locally of some violence. Considerations that are daily growing in cogency tend to identify this submergence with the historical deluge, which, as Lenormant has so well shown, is an event that enters into the authentic history of all the leading races of men, and is no longer to be regarded as pre-historic in any sense. The re-emergence of the land after this event left the Mediterranean with nearly its present limits, and what is now the Delta became eventually a shallow bay, full of sandbanks, and ready to receive the deposits which the Nile began anew to pour down from its distant sources in the mountains of interior Africa, and to distribute in its annual inundations. No theory of these deposits can stand for a moment which does not recognise the old excavations of the Nile valley and the remarkable preparations made for the formation of the Delta.

Now arises the question of historic date, with reference to the time when the formation of the Delta began, and the time when postdiluvian man appeared to take possession of it. Whatever Egyptologists may make of muddled and uncertain lists of Egyptian kings, many of them evidently unhistorical, or contemporary heads of local tribes, the history of Egypt as a nation must begin after the deluge. Anything previous must relate to antediluvian times. We may also assume, on the evidence so ably summed up by Rawlinson of the convergence of the history of all the ancient nations to a point about 3,000 years B.C., that the dispersion of men after the great flood is an event that occurred somewhat less than 5,000 years ago. The early colonists who at that time made their way to the Nile valley must have found its conditions approximately similar to those that exist

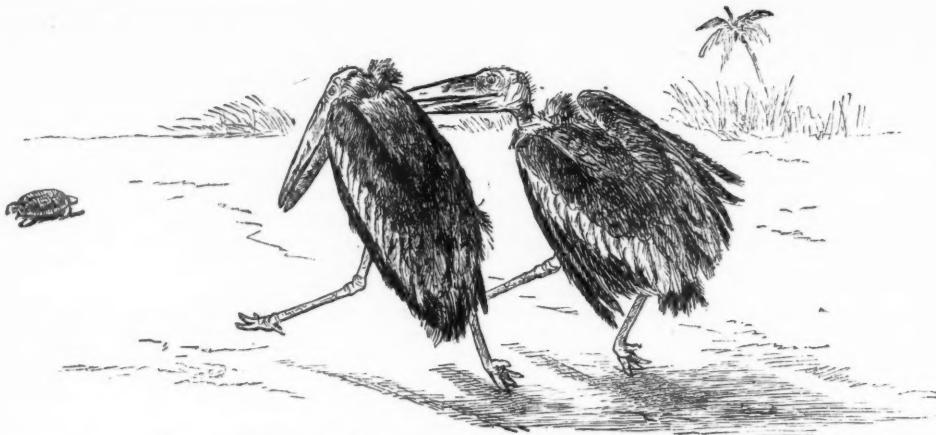
now, except in regard to the extent and level of the Delta. But we know from the marks left by the inundations of that early time that they were higher than at present, whether because of a greater supply of water or because of the bed of the river not being so deeply cut or completely levelled as it afterwards became. We also know from the monuments that the early settlements of the Egyptians were on the Upper and Middle Nile, not on the Delta; that the earlier kings were much occupied with works of embankment and drainage; that the Delta, probably because of its lower level and less extent, was less important than at present. As their history advances we find their capital moving from Upper Egypt to Memphis, and finally to cities far north on the Delta.

All this corresponds with the conclusion deducible from the physical conditions that the process of natural warping by which the Delta was formed began in the early human period, and was proceeding rapidly during the earlier portion of the Egyptian monarchy. It was, however, retarded and brought nearly to a close long before the Christian era by the less amount of the inundation covering the now higher surface, and by the impossibility of pushing the deposit farther to the north in the face of the Mediterranean currents and an increasing depth of water. So it was that Lower Egypt at least was the gift of the Nile, and that in early times the gift was growing in magnitude as the population increased to receive it. The early Egyptians who seized upon this rich and promising inheritance were not barbarians. They were industrious and skilful tillers of the soil, and they carried with them from their primitive homes the arts of antediluvian times, and more especially those of irrigation and construction in brick and stone, which they began from the first to carry into practice in the valley of the great African river. They must have been the better able to do this because of their comparative isolation. Commerce had scarcely begun in the Mediterranean, the interior of Africa was for the most part an unoccupied solitude, the Libyan and Arabian deserts were barriers on the

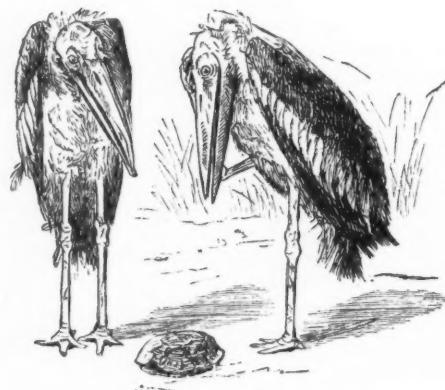
right hand and on the left, and the Isthmus of Suez, if it existed at all as continuous land, was much narrower than at present. In these circumstances the Egyptians must have multiplied rapidly in their valley so productive of food, while they had no inducement to emigrate or to engage in foreign wars, and no man's hand was against them. Thus they began to execute great public works at a very early period, and attained to the standing of a numerous and cultivated people at a time when, as we can gather from the early history of the Asiatic nations, they were comparatively unconsolidated.

To a traveller from the West the general physical aspect of the Delta, though with differences in detail, recalls the great alluvial plain of the Red River as it appears in Minnesota and Manitoba. The differences in climate, in the arboreal vegetation, in the habitations of the people, and in the people themselves, are most striking. The people impress a stranger favourably. Tall in stature, strong of limb, active in gait, industrious in their tillage of the soil, and withal cheerful in aspect, and with well-developed heads, one wonders by what strange combinations of historical circumstances such a people should have been trodden under foot by inferior races of men, and should now be doomed to abject poverty and oppression in a land teeming with all the elements of wealth, and in which the agriculturists, instead of inhabiting comfortable homes, herd together in groups of mud cabins, destitute apparently of every comfort. It is a sad story, but the result is that the fellahs of to-day are doomed to labour for others rather than for themselves, and to be "servants of servants." May the time soon come when, under higher religious education and political influences, they may develop fully the powers inherent in them, and Egypt may again rise to a high place among the nations of the earth. Something has already been done in this direction by our own Government, so strangely placed in the position of guiding this long-neglected country; but much more remains to be done, and the elevation of the people is that which alone can give a stable basis for future prosperity.

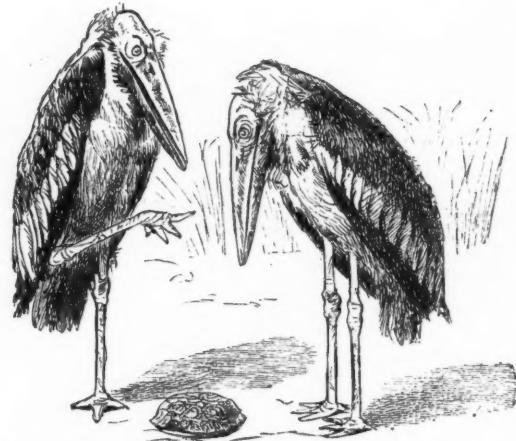




I.—“Look, Pompey! There's a beautiful great tortoise; don't run too fast, or you'll frighten him!”



II.—“I say, Cæsar, he's got inside!



IV.—“What's to be done, Cæsar? he won't come out!”
“Look here, Pompey; you take hold of him and fly up, and then
let him drop; that'll crack him!”



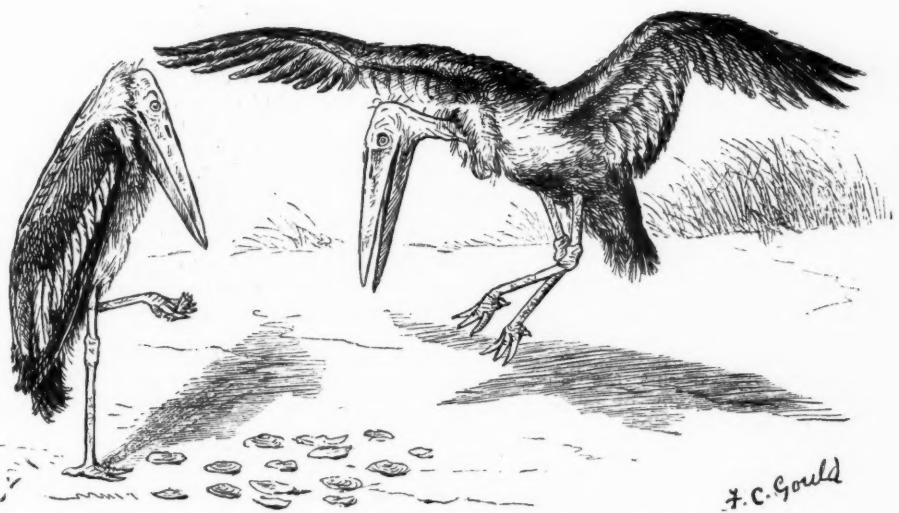
III.—“Hammer away on his back, Pompey, and I'll nip him if he comes out.”



v.—“Go up as far as you can,
Pompey, and mind you don’t look
down, or you’ll get giddy.”



VI.—“Hooray !”



SWAIN SC

VII.—“You let him drop too hard, Pompey ; he’s smashed all to bits ; only a leg left—let’s divide it.”

HOSPITAL NURSES.

THE fact that nursing was not recognised as an art when gentlewomen first undertook its duties, led sometimes to serious difficulties. Educated women were sorely in need of occupation when this new field was opened to them, and they rushed in knowing little of the nature of the duties they were about to undertake. Anxious to show their superiority over the style of nurses previously employed, they too often took to amateur doctoring and other objectionable practices. But these mistakes disappeared as the requirements of science became better understood. Among the very women they had despised and tried to supersede they found many who could teach them the real lessons they had to learn—lessons of obedience, truthfulness, punctuality, loyalty, and cheerfulness, all of which are indispensable in a good nurse, whatever may be her social rank or educational advantages.

The position which hospital nurses have now taken up, and with which they appear perfectly satisfied, is that of agents in administering a system of relief to the sick. They now learn how to make poultices and to put them on, how to make a bed and render a patient comfortable in it, but they no longer ask *why* or *when*. They seek to carry out the doctor's orders efficiently, and to educate their perceptive faculties so as to observe intelligently and report with accuracy all that occurs in his absence. They strive to become skilful nurses, so as to give the patients the least possible amount of unnecessary pain and discomfort, and to gain the trust of both patients and doctors.

Let no one imagine that this is work which all women can do. It is far otherwise. Think of the patient courage it demands, the strength of character it takes, to go on day after day, night after night, doing the sometimes disagreeable and often wearisome duties. Think of the lives which may be lost and the cruel sufferings which may be caused by bad nursing. Think of the unlimited good which nurses can do by their words and examples. "God's possible is taught by this world's loving;" a nurse's loving ministration goes far towards teaching the dying God's message of reconciliation even when she has no time to speak. "The working of the good and brave endures literally for ever, and cannot die;" a nurse's work shows itself in the after-lives of many patients, and is like a stone thrown into a river, which creates circles to widen and widen until they touch the edge of the land.

Every year improvements are suggested and carried out in the manner of nursing the sick. The system pursued in the different hospitals varies considerably.

The duties of a matron are multiform. She superintends nurses and nursing, and sometimes presides also over the housekeeping department of the hospital. As superintendent of the nursing staff,

she engages sisters, nurses, probationers, ward-maids, and scrubbers, and appoints them to the different wards; looks after their health, happiness, comfort, and behaviour; keeps a register of their characters, actions, and holidays, and sometimes pays their wages; she sees that the orders entrusted to her by the doctors are carefully carried out; she reports to the committee appointments and cases of discharge, nursing details of interest or importance, and all new nursing arrangements she has to suggest; and she shows universal politeness to the numerous visitors who come to the hospital. She is generally assisted in her work by a sub-matron, who acts as her amanuensis, and looks after the linen, the nurses' meals, etc. A matron must be a good judge of character, for upon her selection of nurses the whole tone of the nursing staff depends. Thus she has to find out from applicants their object in taking up the profession and their ideas about it, and to notice all details concerning their appearance, manner, voice, movements, and dress. She must be strong, for she has to walk through the wards once or twice every day, no light undertaking in a large institution containing many hundreds of beds. She must possess endless tact, for she is the head of the little world she governs, and she has to settle all the disputes which arise in it, smooth down angry feelings, conciliate antagonistic dispositions and tempers, and reprove without giving offence. Very often the women she deals with are older than herself, and this renders the blending of firmness with kindness a difficult task; moreover, she is placed upon a pedestal by the members of her little kingdom, and her behaviour is closely watched, minutely criticised, and carefully copied. The nursing life is in one sense very narrow, for the deep interest it inspires dwarfs all outside things, and hospital affairs acquire in the eyes of the nurses an importance which throws everything else into the shade. A matron has to guard herself against this evil, and remember it well in her dealings with her nurses. She must have considerable knowledge of all classes of society, for she comes in contact with the highest and the lowest at different times, and the prosperity of the hospital funds is increased if she produces a good impression upon the visitors. She must be able to inspire confidence in the doctors and in the committee, and show them a woman

"in herself complete,
Who knows her own, and what she wills to do and say;
One upon whom authority and reason wait."

She must, if possible, be good-looking, and a woman who knows how to dress, for thus she makes her influence felt inside the hospital and effects much for the interests of the place in the outside world.

A sister is responsible for seeing the orders of the doctors carried out in her ward. She directs the nurses, and gives practical instruction to the probationers. She sees the medicines and diets given, keeps a daily return of the remittance and discharge of patients, writes the wine list and cooking report, sends death notices to the hospital officers and notices to the friends of patients when any one in her charge is placed upon the dangerous list. She is the mother of her ward, for the helplessness of the some twenty to sixty people under her care appeals to the maternal instincts of her nature, and the men and women in the beds seem to her but little children. To the nurses and probationers she is "sister," and in this capacity she leads or teaches them; but to the patients she is "mother," whatever her age may be. It is to her they confide their fears when told that they must die, and speak of the agony it gives them to leave those they love; it is she who breaks the tidings of death to the heart-broken relations, and comforts them with the assurance that their beloved was not alone "at the last." The strain put upon her is very great, but her reward is abundant, for in no other hospital position is so much gratitude received. Many of those who are cured return from time to time to visit her again, and bring her flowers as thank-offerings, or perhaps a photograph, thinking, "Maybe she will like to see how well I look now."

Nurses on day duty have their breakfast generally at 6.30 a.m., and enter the wards at 7 a.m. Each staff-nurse has about ten or fifteen patients to look after, and her first duties are to make their beds, to give water to all able to do anything for themselves, and to wash the helpless ones. After this she sweeps and dusts the ward, takes the temperatures of the patients, attends to their poultices, fomentations, etc., washes all the utensils they have used, gives out milk and bread, also wines, soda-water, and medicines from the dispensary, and prepares herself and the patients for the visits of the house-doctors. She waits upon the doctors, and carries out their instructions. At about twelve o'clock she takes round the patients' dinners, pays attention that the food is hot, and that each patient receives his right diet; she feeds all who are very ill, and persuades those who have no appetite to swallow their food. Her own dinner is hurried over quickly in order to prepare for the visiting physicians or surgeons. Three times a week she has to attend to the patients' friends, answer their questions, and watch that no forbidden food or stimulants are given in mistaken kindness to the invalids. Tea takes place between four and five o'clock, and afterwards all patients ordered up for an hour or so have to be dressed and lifted out of bed into chairs. The beds are then remade, the wards are tidied, the doctor's orders are attended to, the suppers are given, and at 8 p.m. the gas is turned low. At 9.30 p.m., or 10 p.m., the work of the day is done, and the nurse has her own supper and goes to bed.

A night-nurse comes on duty at about 10 p.m., and receives the sister's instructions before she goes to bed, and the evening orders of the house-

doctors. The most intelligent members of the nursing staff are generally chosen for night duty, but often the staff nurses take night or day duty alternately, in periods of a month or a fortnight. The work is heavy or light, according to the cases and the number of deaths, but is more responsible than day work, because the doctors are only called in cases of emergency, and the night-sister comes round but two or three times. All through the night the nurse is left alone, to carry out the doctor's orders and to administer the medicines and food. If she has any spare time she pads splints, etc., and to fall asleep at her post is an almost unheard-of thing. At 6 a.m. the patients have breakfast, and the cups and saucers are washed up and put away. The sisters' rooms and breakfast are then prepared, the night report is given, and at 10 a.m. the nurse goes to her dinner, and at 1 p.m. to bed.

The dress of the nurses is usually very becoming; the white apron and cap make them look young and fresh, and natural flowers often rejoice the eyes of the patients, being worn instead of a brooch. It is wonderful how clean and tidy they manage to look in spite of their work, and how quickly they move about. One wishes that the hospitals were richer, and could afford to keep a larger number of nurses, for the work is exceedingly heavy, and the holidays and times off duty are far too short. The food also is not good enough or in sufficient variety, and the nurses' appetites become fanciful after bad smells and operations, and after feeding unconscious and helpless patients. The moral and physical strain put upon nurses is very great, and they need recreation for their own sakes and those of the patients. It is strange how few people think of this, or remember that tickets for public gardens and places of amusement are acceptable to nurses. Social gatherings inside hospitals can seldom be indulged in, because they lead to flirting and gossip, but change of scene and thought could easily be provided for nurses if people would send tickets for entertainments to the hospital matrons.

A probationer assists the nurse in all details of work, both in day and night duty, and is taught by the sister. She is moved from ward to ward, in order that she may see a large number of cases, and is often employed as a "special" nurse. She usually receives theoretical training from the matron, attends two courses of lectures delivered by a physician and a surgeon of the hospital, and passes a written and a *vivæ-voce* examination. At the end of her probation, if she remains in the hospital, she becomes a staff-nurse in a medical or a surgical ward as she shows aptitude. The period of training lasts for one or two or three years. It is impossible for this training to be made too thorough, or for the standard of excellence to be raised too high, now that the art of nursing is thoroughly comprehended, and no longer confounded with the science of medicine.

All class distinctions among probationers are carefully avoided, and their training is placed upon a business footing void of sentiment, the only degrees recognised in nursing being sister, nurse, and probationer. Gentlewomen are quite

sensible that this is the best plan, and willingly accept the conditions of hospital life, blacking their own boots, making their own beds, and associating on equal terms with all their fellow-nurses. It is to be hoped, however, that before long their accommodation will be improved, and that separate bedrooms and large bath-rooms will be considered imperative for all engaged in nursing work.

A children's ward is a world in itself, of which the inhabitants are "little people," with different language, manners, feelings, and thoughts to men and women. Children are much more difficult to nurse than adults, and to make a good children's nurse a woman must possess great patience, observation, and skill. The language of children is quite inadequate to express what they feel, and in their sorrows and wants they are more or less dumb. A nurse must read the "unwritten speech" of their eyes, hands, and feet, and watch their tears, smiles, gestures, and expressions, to divine what they mean. A celebrated French physician, who had charge of the Hospital for "Waifs and Strays" in Paris, declared that he was able to diagnose children's diseases from the lines and furrows on their faces. A skilful nurse will learn almost as much from their cries.

Those who would understand children aright must remember how completely they live in the present, that they are cognisant of no past and no future, and therefore, while they suffer, they suffer with their entire nature. They have no "superannuated memories," no philosophy by which to rob grief of its sting; thus their sorrows fill their whole hearts and minds, although they weep but for the loss of a plaything or the broken neck of a doll. Most nurses love children, and hasten to comfort them when they are left alone in the wards. One can see the motherhood in the nurses' eyes as they bend over the cots and soothe the children to sleep. And small wonder that they love children

so well. The most beautiful thing in this life is the faith and trust of a child, and the world can never really grow old while it possesses little children. How tender nurses should be when they think of all the troubles the hospital little ones will perhaps one day undergo—the coldness of relations, the deceit of friends! Most of them come from terrible homes, where they see vice and sin rampant, and "the world, the flesh, and the devil" present both night and day. No halo of love and goodness surrounds their poor lives, as a rule, but they grow up to sin in their wretched hovels as easily as they would grow up to be good in happy homes.

There was a child in a hospital ward one night not long ago who lay dying on the sister's knee. She heard some drunken men brawl as they passed under the window. "That's father," the child said; "he comes home tipsy every evening." The sister looked at the little face, and thought it was terrible that the child should die having known nothing of this world but its sin. She spoke of God and of heaven, but the child could not understand. So she took some violets from a cup on the locker, and said, "Look at these; the flowers in heaven are much more beautiful than violets." "Then I will pick them," said the child.

Who can tell the amount of good which is done by the love nurses bestow upon the hospital little ones? As we grow old we remember the hymns which we learnt at our nurse's knee; and amid the turmoil of life some of us think of the words which our mothers said because we loved their voices so well. It will be thus, we may feel sure, with many of the hospital children when they become men and women, for "their angels do always behold the face of our Father."*

M. E. H.

* Women who desire to enter the nursing ranks are advised to write to the matrons of the different hospitals, asking when vacancies for probationers are likely to be forthcoming, and requesting that the rules and regulations of the several institutions may be forwarded to them.

FOLK-LORE OF SHAKESPEARE.

APART from his fame as one of the greatest poets that the world has produced, Shakespeare was undoubtedly one of the most versatile writers that has ever lived. Indeed, he has displayed throughout his plays such an extensive and accurate acquaintance with all kinds of subjects, that books have been published and papers read before our learned societies for the purpose of showing his remarkable knowledge on even the most technical and abstruse questions. Thus, as a minute observer of the works of nature, he has embellished many a graphic passage, here and there, with some charming little piece of natural history, thereby adding an extra pathos to his powerful conceptions. His incidental allusions, drawn from every conceivable source, further prove how deeply he must have read

and gathered knowledge. At the same time there can be no doubt that he was gifted with a highly retentive memory, which enabled him to interweave in the most skilful and masterly manner those numerous apposite illustrations which adorn his writings on every page. That this was so we have an additional evidence in a work lately published, entitled the "Folk-lore of Shakespeare,"* in which are collected and grouped together his copious references to the legends, popular sayings, proverbs, customs, and superstitions of bygone times. Many of these possess an intrinsic value from their connection with the social life of the Elizabethan age, but hitherto they have been frequently lost sight of through

* By the Rev. T. F. Thiselton Dyer. (Griffith and Farran.)

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the reader's unacquaintance with that widespread field of folk-lore which was so well known to the poet. Independently, also, of Shakespeare's appreciation of every branch of antiquarian lore, he seems to have acted upon the great principle of presenting his audience with matters thoroughly familiar to them. In accordance, therefore, with this rule, he took care to incorporate into his plays the popular notions prevalent in his day, often-times—by the ridicule with which he makes his characters speak of them—showing that he had no sympathy with the grosser opinions shared by various classes in those times, whether held by king or clown. It may be truly said that if it had not been for Shakespeare's plays we should never have fully realised how extensively, in one way or another, superstition permeated through all classes of society.

Among some of the most curious notions and fanciful superstitions alluded to by the poet may be mentioned, firstly, those relating to what has been popularly designated "folk-medicine." Thus it was formerly supposed that toothache was caused by a little worm, having the form of an eel, which gradually gnawed a hole in the tooth—a belief referred to in "Much Ado About Nothing" (act iii. sc. 2) :—

"*Don Pedro.*—What! Sigh for the toothache?
Leonato.—Where is but a humour or a worm?"

This fancy, it appears, was not so many years ago current in Derbyshire, where the following treatment was adopted. A small quantity of a mixture composed of powdered herbs was placed in a small vessel, into which a live coal from the fire was dropped. The patient then held his or her mouth open over the vessel and inhaled the smoke as long as it could be borne. The cup was then removed, and in its place a glass of water was put before the patient, into which he was to breathe as hard as he could for a few moments, when it was supposed the worm would be seen in the water. This notion prevails in Germany, and is found, too, as far off as China and New Zealand.

The erroneous belief that infection communicated to another left the infector free is noticed by Timon (act iv. sc. 3), who says, "I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns to thine own lips again." And in "Twelfth Night" (act ii. sc. 3) the idea that contagion is bound up with something appealing to the sense of smell is probably referred to in the dialogue below :

"*Sir Andrew.*—A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.
Sir Toby.—A contagious breath.
Sir Andrew.—Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.
Sir Toby.—To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion."

The old-fashioned theory that what hurts will also cure is several times mentioned, as in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona" (act ii. sc. 4), where Proteus tells how—

" Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a new object quite forgotten."

And it may be remembered how in "Romeo and Juliet" (act i. sc. 2) Benvolio relates—

" One fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessened by another's anguish ;
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning ;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish."

Again, Launcelot in the "Merchant of Venice" (act ii. sc. 5) speaks of bleeding at the nose as ominous, "It was not for nothing that my nose fell a-bleeding on Black Monday last." And the superstition that a lie produces a blister on the tongue is alluded to by Timon, though in the malice of his rage he imprecates the minor punishment on truth, and the old surgery of cauterisation on falsehood :

" Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn ! Speak, and be hang'd ;
For each true word, a blister ! and each false
Be as a cauterising to the root o' the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking."

Of the countless superstitions connected with the human body, Shakespeare has not omitted to give illustrations, many of which still find as much credence as in his day. Thus, much hair on the head has been supposed to indicate an absence of intellect, to which Antipholus refers in the "Comedy of Errors" (act ii. sc. 2):—"There's many a man hath more hair than wit ;" and the idea of excessive fear causing the hair to stand on end is mentioned in that celebrated passage in "Hamlet" (act iii. sc. 4) where the queen, being at a loss to understand her son's strange appearance during his conversation with the ghost, which is invisible to her, says,

" And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hair starts up, and stands on end."

And "Macbeth" (act i. sc. 3) exclaims,

" Why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair ?"

The notion of the brain as the seat of the soul occurs in "King John" (act v. sc. 7), where Prince Henry says of that monarch,

" His pure brain,
Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house,
Doth by the idle comments that it makes
Foretell the ending of mortality."

That little worms were bred in the fingers of lazy servants was once a common belief; an idea to which John Banister, a famous surgeon in Shakespeare's day, refers :—"We commonly call them worms, which many women, sitting in the sunshine, can cunningly pick out with needles, and are most common in the hands." Thus in "Romeo and Juliet" (act i. sc. 4) Mercutio describing Queen Mab, says,

" Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm,
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid."

Once more, the term "hare-lip" was applied

to a cleft lip, so called from its supposed resemblance to the upper lip of a hare. It was popularly believed to be the mischievous act of a malicious fairy, so in "King Lear" (act iii. sc. 4) Edgar says of Gloucester, "This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet; he squints the eye and makes the hare-lip;" and in the "Midsummer Night's Dream" (act v. sc. 2) Oberon, in blessing the bridal bed of Theseus and Hippolyta, says, "Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar," etc., "shall upon their children be."

That Shakespeare was a lover of natural history is evident, among other things, from the rich and varied assortment of folk-lore bearing on each branch of this subject scattered throughout his plays. In his notices, for instance, of the feathered race we find abundant illustrations, a few of which we subjoin. Thus the old vulgar error that the barnacle-goose was generated from the barnacle—a shell-fish adhering to the bottoms of ships—is referred to by Caliban in the "Tempest" (act iv. sc. 1):

"We shall lose our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles."

The notion, too, that spirits fly at cock-crow is mentioned by Horatio in "Hamlet" (act i. sc. i.), who relates how at its warning,

"Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine."

The mysterious nature of the cuckoo—a bird supposed to possess the gift of second sight—is not omitted from the "Midsummer Night's Dream" (act iii. sc. i.). Bottom sings,

"The plain-song cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark
And dares not answer nay."

It was formerly a current saying that the lark and toad changed eyes, a popular fancy, which originated in the toad having very fine eyes and the lark ugly ones. Hence Juliet says,

"Some say the lark and loathed toad changed eyes."

Again, various references are made by Shakespeare to the ominous character of the magpie, crow, owl, and rook; and the pretty notion that the robin-redbreast covers with leaves any dead body it may chance to find is touchingly spoken of in "Cymbeline" by Arviragus, when addressing the supposed dead body of Imogen.

Once more, the romantic idea that the swan sweetly sings before its death is pathetically alluded to in "King John," where Prince Henry at his father's deathbed says,

"'Tis strange that death should sing.
I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,
And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest."

Passing on to animals, we find the cat noticed

as the agent of witches, a superstition which often caused them to be tormented by the ignorant vulgar. The fatal significance of the dog's howl, too, is referred to by Bolingbroke in "2 Henry vi" (act i. sc. iv.) where he speaks of

"The time when screech-owls cry and ban-dogs howl,
And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves."

According to a curious belief, a horse-hair dropped into corrupted water soon became an animal, a vulgar error mentioned in "Antony and Cleopatra" (act i. sc. ii.):

"Much is breeding,
Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,
And not a serpent's poison."

The hare, too, was supposed to engender melancholy in those who ate it. Hence Falstaff is styled by Prince Henry "as melancholy as a hare." The proverbial generosity of the lion is alluded to in "Troilus and Cressida":

"Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion than a man."

According to a superstitious notion of considerable antiquity, the departure of rats from a ship has been considered indicative of misfortune to a vessel, probably from the same idea that crows will not build upon trees that are likely to fall. This belief is noticed in the "Tempest" (act i. sc. 2.), where Prospero, describing the vessel in which himself and daughter had been placed, with the view of their certain destruction at sea, says:

"They hurried us aboard a bark,
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepared
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it."

The popular tradition that the head of the toad contained a stone possessing great medicinal virtues is the subject of an allusion in "As You Like It":

"Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

Owing, also, to the supposed venomous character of the toad, superstition invested it with preternatural powers, and made it a principal ingredient in the incantations of witches. Thus in "Macbeth" the witch gives directions :

"Toad that under cold stone
Days and nights has thirty-one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot."

That the snake in casting its skin or slough annually regains new vigour and fresh youth was once commonly believed. Hence, in "Twelfth Night," in the letter which Malvolio finds there is this passage:—"To inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear

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fresh." The popular idea, too, that a poisonous bite could be cured by the blood of the viper which darted the poison is noticed by Mowbray in "King Richard II" (act i. sc. 1.):

"I am disgraced, impeached, and baffled here,
Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear,
The which no balm can cure but his heart blood
Which breathed this poison."

The little spider, around which so much folklore at different times has clustered, has not escaped the notice of Shakespeare. Thus, in days gone by its web was much in request for stopping the effusion of blood, and hence Bottom, in addressing one of his fairy attendants, in the "Midsummer Night's Dream" (act iii. sc. 1), says, "I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb; if I cut my finger I shall make bold with you." In accordance with an erroneous belief, the spider was formerly considered highly venomous, in allusion to which notion King Richard II (act iii. sc. 2), in saluting the "dear earth" on which he stands, after "late tossing on the breaking seas," accosts it thus:

"Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense,
But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads lie in their way,
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet
Which with usurping steps do trample thee."

Shakespeare's mention of fishes is not so frequent; yet he has given us a few items of curious lore in connection with them. From a passage in Pliny's "Natural History" it appears that anciently fishes were supposed to be infested with fleas, in connection with which may be quoted the remark of the carrier in "1 Henry IV" (act ii. sc. 1), "Your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach." Curious to say, at the present day there is a fisherman's fancy on the north coast that fish and fleas come together. The playing of porpoises round a ship on the approach of stormy weather is alluded to in "Pericles" (act ii. sc. 1), where one of the sailors remarks:—"Nay, master; said not I as much when I saw the porpus how he bounded and tumbled?"

Lastly, how varied Shakespeare's knowledge was on all folk-lore subjects may be illustrated by his allusions to natural phenomena. The old notion of the sun's dancing at its rising on Easter morning is probably referred to by Romeo when addressing Juliet:

"Look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east;
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops."

Among the pieces of weather-wisdom relating to the sun, he mentions a "watery sunset," which has generally been regarded as ominous:

"The sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing storms to come, woe and unrest."

The sun's eclipse, too, as a harbinger of misfortune is described by Othello in the following graphic passage:

"O heavy hour!
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration."

By a popular astrological doctrine the moon was supposed to exercise great influence over agricultural operations, and also over many of the minor concerns of life, such as the gathering of herbs, the killing of animals for the table, and other matters of a like nature. To this theory Shakespeare seems to give several allusions, as for instance in "Hamlet," where Laertes describes the weapon—poison:

"I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal that, but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death."

In the "Merchant of Venice," after Lorenzo has spoken of the moon shining brightly, Jessica adds:

"In such a night
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson."

The belief prevalent in days past that the moon was affected by the influence of witchcraft is mentioned by Prospero in the "Tempest" (act v. sc. 1):

"His mother was a witch, and one so strong
That could control the moon."

Its sanguine colour is spoken of as an indication of coming disasters in "Richard II," where the Welsh captain remarks how

"The pale-faced moon looks bloody on the earth."

And its moisture is invariably noticed, as in the "Midsummer Night's Dream" (act ii. sc. 1):

"Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound."

The pretty idea of the music of the spheres is beautifully expressed in the "Merchant of Venice":

"There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdest
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins."

The appearance of meteors is ranked among omens in "Richard II," as also that of comets in "Julius Cæsar," where Calpurnia remarks:

"When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes."

It was formerly supposed that thunder had the effect of rousing eels from their mud, and so ren-

dered them more easy to be taken in stormy weather, to which we find an allusion in "Pericles":

"Thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels."

According to an erroneous notion, the air, and not the earth, was said to drizzle dew. Hence, in "Romeo and Juliet" (act iii. sc. 5) it is said:

"When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew."

And again in "King John" (act ii. sc. 1):

"Before the dew of evening fell."

It is unnecessary to add further instances to show how extensive a collector Shakespeare was of the folk-lore of his day; but those of our readers who may be desirous of following up this interesting subject would do well to consult the volume on the "Folk-lore of Shakespeare" to which we have referred.

MRS. BARBAULD AND THE AIKIN FAMILY.

PERSONS who walk along the crowded and now commonplace streets and lanes of Stoke Newington—a suburb absorbed into the great Babylon of London—have little idea of what it was some hundred years since, and beyond that time. We had occasion to call attention to some of its pleasant, although somewhat monotonous, old-world features a short time since in our paper on Samuel Rogers, but the Poet of Memory is only one of many interesting literary notabilities who, from the time of Defoe and Watts, found their home among what were the secluded and pensive shades of this pleasant village. To its later names and memories belong Mrs. Barbauld—a name now seldom mentioned, although she was one of the most perfectly accomplished and elegant writers among English women of letters; with her also several other members of the Aikin family, of which Mrs. Barbauld herself was a member. Readers of that strange but not the less most entertaining set of volumes, the correspondence of Dr. Doddridge, will remember with some enjoyment that sprightly Jenny Jennings who touched the doctor's susceptible heart when he was indeed upwards of thirty years of age, and she a lively girl not seventeen. She appears to have had much admiration and affection for the good Philip, but not of the nature he desired. She married another reverend divine, one John Aikin, D.D., and by-and-by became the mother of the Dr. Aikin, and of Anna Letitia, so well known to us as Mrs. Barbauld. It is very pleasing and pathetic to find put together pieces of family history which unite the names of successive generations of people in whom some readers, at any rate, take an affectionate and tender interest. The little lady, for instance, to whom Doddridge gave his earliest affections, when residing beneath her mother's roof at Kibworth, must always be somewhat interesting to us, and we like to know that she appears to have lived to a good age, an honoured woman, and happy wife and mother, while the snatches of her letters to the little Letitia set before us that little lady also, almost from her infancy, as a greedy reader and thoughtful student.

The prose and poetry of Mrs. Barbauld alike reveal a wise and tender nature. Some persons

have said that the like wisdom, however, did not display itself in her marriage. She married respectably—Rochemont Barbauld, a Dissenting clergyman of French extraction, whose ancestors were among the exiles or refugees of the great persecution of the Huguenots in France. It does not appear that any affection far beyond that of pity moved the young lady to accept him as a husband. He was a gentleman and a scholar—perhaps not a very able preacher; but, if not before marriage, certainly shortly after, he gave proofs of mental malady and severe aberration, which formed the abiding grief and terror of the entire married life of this estimable woman. Whatever solace children might have been to the full and yet hungry heart of such a person in the memory of the husband's calamity, it is perhaps a great mercy that Mrs. Barbauld was never a mother, and it is from the daughter of a niece, whom she adopted as her own child, that we have received a most interesting little volume, "The Memories of Seventy Years: by one of a Literary Family," edited by Mrs. Herbert Martin, to which we are indebted for some pleasant glimpses of the beautiful life of one whose name ought to be, from time to time, regilded and brought out into the knowledge and admiration of successive generations. Mrs. Barbauld appears to have suffered much at intervals from the violence of her husband. At length his insanity became most manifest and undeniable, but she would not permit him to be placed under any restraint away from her immediate vigilance. Her life was passed in fears, and in guarding him from irritations which might increase the danger and the malady. At last the blow came, and upon an occasion when he had escaped beyond the knowledge of an attendant, through that cunning which the insane so often manifest, while his wife was anxiously waiting for and expecting his return, he terminated his miseries by suicide. The marriage, we have said, was as unwise as any marriage could be. She had been informed that he had known one attack of insanity, and was earnestly urged to break off the engagement. "Then," said she, "if I were to disappoint him he would certainly go mad;" and so she invited her painful destiny. In himself he is spoken of as a noble

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and upright Christian gentleman, but in the fits and paroxysms of his disease his fury was frightful. We may blame the step she took, but, having taken it, the history of her married life commands the highest admiration for firmness and tender heroism. And when all was over the verses in which she relieved her own feelings have great sweetness :

" Pure spirit ! oh, where art thou now ?
Oh, whisper to my soul !
Oh, let some soothing thought of thee
This bitter grief control !

'Tis not for thee the tears I shed,
Thy sufferings now are o'er ;
The sea is calm, the tempest past,
On that eternal shore.

Farewell ! With honour, peace, and love,
Be thy dear memory blest ;
Thou hast no tears for me to shed
When I too am at rest."

But we are anticipating the end of the married life before we have mentioned some of the circumstances of the intervening years. Mr. Barbauld was for some time minister over a congregation at Palgrave, in Suffolk; and here also, perhaps to increase the small income derived from his ministerial office, he conducted a boarding school. With this, however, Mrs. Barbauld's name is very distinctly connected as the manager and teacher. It was probably not large, but the names of the pupils are many of them eminent even now: among others, Thomas Denman, afterwards the great barrister and Lord Chief Justice, who used to attribute very much of his success in life to the influence of his distinguished preceptor; and Sir William Gell, who first explored, and expounded in his magnificent work, the recently discovered Pompeii; the well-known and greatly-lamented Lord Daer; the Earl of Selkirk, and the sons of Lord Templeton. The lady herself seems to have presided over the Latin and English lessons, and also those in geography and history; but it was for the purpose of influencing these pupils she wrote her "Hymns in Prose" for children, of which it is not too much to say that as compositions they have a truly ineffable charm. In their way, perhaps, they are as perfect as anything in the English language. Mrs. Barbauld never surpassed them, and we suppose very few readers will sympathise with Dr. Johnson and the distinguished statesman Charles James Fox, who, when they read them, expressed their grief and wonder that such a mind should waste its powers in writing hymns for children. However comparatively neglected and unknown now, not many compositions convey a more favourable impression of the pathos and power of genuine and undefiled English.

But the life in Palgrave was terminated by Mr. Barbauld's acceptance of an invitation to the charge of a congregation in Stoke Newington—that famous little chapel on Newington Green associated with the names of Morton (one of the earliest professors of Harvard University), Daniel

Defoe, Isaac Watts, Dr. Price, and the family of Rogers the poet—and it is from the Stoke Newington circle that Mrs. Barbauld steps more immediately before the notice of the world of letters. It is probable that the great respect she commanded as a teacher and guide of youth had given to her name a popularity and eminence preceding her publication. As our readers well know, there are persons—we have known such in our own day—who, while they appear to have done little or nothing, carry such weight by their personal character that they become a traditional, almost a mythical, power. It was somewhat thus, we suppose, with Mrs. Barbauld; her word upon any subject carried weight. Several motives operated in breaking up the establishment at Palgrave—the state of Mr. Barbauld's health, the pressure of scholastic as well as household cares on Mrs. Barbauld, the great desire to be near to her brother, Dr. Aikin, who resided in London; with these also probably the desire for herself, as she had no children to command her interests, to listen to the unquestioned calls to a decided literary career.

It was not, however, until after the death of her husband, in 1808, that she gave to the world those pieces which most readers have agreed to regard as her most characteristic performances. Her poem "Eighteen Hundred and Eleven" was published in an ample quarto. It was a dark prophecy of the possible future of England, and the condition of Europe and England in that day certainly seemed to justify the vaticinations of the writer. It brought down upon her a furious and savage assault from the "Quarterly Review," certainly, we suppose, from the pen of the grim Gifford. Murray, the publisher of the "Quarterly," told Crabb Robinson that he was more ashamed of the article upon Mrs. Barbauld than of anything he had ever printed, and Maria Edgeworth wrote to her, "I cannot describe to you the indignation, or rather the disgust, we felt at the manner in which you have been treated in the 'Quarterly Review.' So ungentlemanlike, so unjust, so insolent a review I never read." Miss Edgeworth goes on to remark—and we heartily sympathise with the remark, for the review is before us while we write—that "the verses, maliciously quoted by the reviewer, are so excellent that they speak for themselves;" and she continues to express her indignation that "any reviewer should dare to write so odiously of the most elegant and respectable female writer that England can boast." The review had its effect, however, and we believe we are correct in saying that as a consequence of it Mrs. Barbauld shrank into herself and never published again. All that followed, we believe, was posthumous.

This a little perhaps apologises for the sense we have that this estimable lady did not give to the world pieces equivalent to the intimations we have in what she published of her very great and unquestioned powers, and this opinion is confirmed by that of no less eminent a person than Sir James Mackintosh. That great man and most discriminating critic does not appear to have known her personally, but in one of his letters he speaks of

the grief with which he heard of the death of Mr. Barbauld, and how he had wished to write in the attempt to express some consolation. He says, "It would have been only payment of a long arrear of instruction and pleasure for thirty years. In another sense it would have been but the payment of a debt. I could have said little but what I learned from herself. If ever there was a writer whose wisdom is made to be useful in the time of need it is Mrs. Barbauld. No moralist has ever more exactly touched the point of the greatest practicable purity without being lost in exaggeration or sinking into meanness. She has cultivated a philosophy which will raise and animate her, without refining it to that degree when it is no longer applicable to the gross purposes of human life." The "Quarterly Review" carried on its savage attacks on Mrs. Barbauld until the year of her death in 1825. We have lying before us the passage in the "Review" of that year, in which it insultingly speaks of her as "the venerable sibyl who took up her parable against England." Probably Miss Thackeray did not know that the epithet had been applied as a sneer when she included Mrs. Barbauld's name in her "Book of Sibyls."

Both before and after her husband's death Mrs. Barbauld was the object of attraction and centre of the distinguished literary society and coterie assembled in the neighbourhood of Stoke Newington. Through the memories preserved we get pleasant little glimpses of people we could have wished to have met. Here, for instance, is a note which ought to have found its way into our paper on "Twenty-two, St. James's Place." It is addressed to young Mr. Samuel Rogers, residing at the old house in Stoke Newington, then a clerk in the old banking house in the city.

"To Mr. Sam Rogers, junr., Stoke Newington.

"Sir,—We are obliged to you for much elegant amusement through the books which we safely received, and which we shall beg leave to keep a little longer. Your visit was so short that we wish to think of anything which may induce you to make us a longer; and as we are to have an assembly at the Long Room on Monday next, the 22nd, which they say will be a pretty good one, I take the liberty to ask whether it will be agreeable to you to be of our party, and in that case we have a bed at your service. I could, I am sure, have my petition supported by a round robin of the young ladies of Hampstead, which would act like a spell, and oblige your attendance; but not being willing to make use of such compulsory methods, I will only say how much pleasure it would give to, Sir,

"Your obliged and obedient servant,

"A. L. BARBAULD.

"Our dinner hour, if you can give us your company to dinner, is half after three."

This formal note gives some idea of the prim politeness of the time when it is remembered that the youthful Samuel must have been a member of Mr. Barbauld's congregation when it was written. Mrs. Barbauld was, very naturally, especially interesting to the distinguished ladies of her time, who like herself cultivated the profession of the bookcraft. One of the most constant of these was the lady who has been supposed by many to approach most nearly to Shakespeare in the knowledge and delineation of human passion—

Joanna Baillie. She was a Scotchwoman, brought up in the utmost severity of a Presbyterian household. She said that repression of all emotion had been the constant lesson there; her father was an excellent parent, and when she had once been bitten by a dog, supposed to be mad, he instantly sucked the wound at the risk of his own life; but, in all her life, she never remembered that he had given her a kiss. She told Mrs. Barbauld that when her old friends in Scotland heard that she had published, they were quite shocked, especially at the line of writing to which she had taken, and she said that she had herself seen in a letter from one, "Have ye heard that Jocky Baillie has taken to the *public line?*" She was a lifelong friend of Mrs. Barbauld's, who in some points of character she resembled. It is said of her that "an innocent and maiden grace hovered over her to the end of her old age; she was pure in the last recesses of the soul—this meek, pious, noble-minded, and nobly-gifted woman." She died in her ninetieth year, and her grave is next to Mrs. Barbauld's in Hampstead churchyard.

Then there was Miss Benger—Elizabeth Ogilvy Benger—a most pleasant historian, of whom Madame De Staél said that she was the most interesting woman she had seen in England. She was certainly one of the most accomplished and celebrated, and also one of the most suffering, women of her time. And then there was Lucy Aikin, Mrs. Barbauld's accomplished niece, who has given to us so much pleasure by her charming historical biographies. She was naturally a very close and beloved companion of her aunt, who certainly must have needed some other companionship than that of Miss Hamond, who lived with Mrs. Barbauld in that capacity—a lady, the instances of whose absence of mind, or stupidity, do seem to be somewhat remarkable: as, for instance, if an egg were boiled too hard at breakfast she would send it down to be boiled softer; and when the country was talking in general about a woman who had been called "The Female Husband," who had married, but had passed for a man all her life, Miss Hamond, with a doubtful expression, said, "No family, I suppose?"

Along with these we meet with many other names, notably Crabb Robinson; and, in the little volume to which we have referred, we have some glimpses of an intimate friend, of whom we always desire to know more—George Dyer, friend of Charles Lamb, and of all the Lamb coterie—the author of the "Life of Robinson of Cambridge," which Wordsworth thought one of the best biographies in the English language, an opinion with which, in all due modesty, we venture to coincide. His ventures in poetry were not successful; we only remark this for the purpose of repeating an epigram upon his poetic attempts by one of his good-natured friends:

"The world all say, my gentle Dyer,
Thy odes do very much want fire;
Repair the fault, my gentle Dyer,
And throw thy odes into the fire!"

Then there were Charles Lamb and his sister,

Crabbe, the poet; James Montgomery sometimes turned up when in London, especially at the Newington residence; and Coleridge, and the Martineau family, and Sir Walter Scott, who used to say that Mrs. Barbauld had helped materially to make him a poet, since it was from her, through Dugald Stewart, that he first became acquainted with Burger's "Leonore," which had so influenced him in attempting a new style of verse. Charles Lamb used to speak of Mrs. Inchbald and Mrs. Barbauld as "the two bald ladies." Then among her friends came Dr. Priestley, and John Howard, and Josiah Wedgwood, the great English Palissy; and the intimacy continued with Samuel Rogers to the close of her life, and when he had already begun to be regarded as the Mecænas of his day; and there are some pleasant little stories which, amongst the many told, have not come in our way before. The poet used to tell how once, at the opera, he noticed a respectable-looking, elderly man, who seemed to be observing him with keen intensity, which was not wonderful, considering that at that time Rogers was probably in the fulness of his fame, and more especially in such circles as that of the opera. At last, between the acts, he came and placed himself in front of Mr. Rogers, and said, in a profoundly solemn tone, "Pray, sir, is your name Samuel Rogers?" Gratified with what he supposed might be a proof of the popularity of his work, Rogers replied very graciously that it was. "Then, sir," said the other, "I should be glad to know, if you please, why you have changed your poulticer?"

Another capital story Rogers used to tell—an anecdote which had come in his way through his banking transactions. A sharp-witted young Genevese went—an entire stranger—to the head of the great mercantile house, the firm of Hope and Co., of Amsterdam, and coolly asked to be taken into partnership, mentioning as an inducement that he was engaged to marry a daughter of one of the Baring family; and he then went to Mr. Baring and asked for the hand of his daughter, and gave as the inducement that he expected to be taken into partnership by Mr. Hope, and, strange to say, he succeeded in both his objects.

But we must leave this anecdote before we close the paper to make yet a remark or two upon Mrs. Barbauld herself. Forgotten as she is, we have sufficiently indicated the eminence of her position as a writer and her worth as a woman. Her essay, "Against Inconsistency in our Expectations," we may suppose to be well known, and probably every reader of this paper has felt the pure and elevating calm of its wisdom. Let us, then, add to this that it came from a mind and pen most likely under the necessity of schooling themselves by the lessons it attempts to convey. If the reader should think that both it and its author's remarks on "Clarissa Harlowe" indicate a mind too much habituated to the philosophy of Seneca or the Stoics, let us turn to Mrs. Barbauld's Hymns for some of the most devout and tender expressions. Those verses, for instance, are very sweet:

" Our country is Emanuel's land,
We seek that promised soil ;
The songs of Zion cheer our hearts
While strangers here we toil.

Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflow,
And oft are bathed in tears ;
Yet nought but heaven our hopes can raise,
And nought but sin our fears.

We tread the path our Master trod,
We bear the cross He bore,
And every thorn that wounds our feet
His temples pierced before.

Our powers are oft dissolved away
In ecstasies of love ;
And while our bodies wander here
Our souls are fixed above."

But one of the chief characteristics of Mrs. Barbauld's pen was the sprightliness of its fancy. Her essays carry weight and wisdom in an English style certainly pleasant to read; her longer poems have considerable imaginative strength of language, and there can be no doubt that these are the attributes which have secured for her the high regard she holds in the estimation of thoughtful readers. But we are almost surprised sometimes by the pleasant and adroit fancy she shares with her brother in so many of the pages of "The Evenings at Home"—a book which, as it was certainly the charm of our boyhood's reading, we do not think very creditable that we now never see nor hear of it in a boy's library. She was fond of writing fanciful and enigmatical pieces, and to this order belong the following verses, which appear for the first time in the volume of "Memories" to which we have referred:

"A RIDDLE.

" We are spirits all in white,
On a field as black as night ;
There we dance and sport and play,
Changing every changing day ;
Yet with us is wisdom found
As we move in mystic round.
Mortal, wouldst thou know the pains
That Ceres heaps on Libya's plains,
Or leaves that yellow autumn strews,
Or the stars that Herschel views,
Or find how many drops would drain
The wide-scooped bosom of the main,
Or measure central depths below—
Ask of us and thou shalt know.
With fairy feet we compass round
The Pyramid's capacious bound,
Or step by step ambitious climb
The cloud-capt mountain's height sublime.
Riches though we do not use,
'Tis ours to gain and ours to lose.
From Araby the Blest we came,
In every land our tongue's the same ;
And if our number you require,
Go, count the bright Aonian quire.

Wouldst thou cast a spell to find
The track of light, the speed of wind,
Or when the snail, with creeping pace,
Shall the swelling globe embrace,
Mortal, ours the powerful spell,
Ask of us, for we can tell."

(Figures on a slate.)

Some of the verses by which Mrs. Barbauld is best known did not appear until after her death, and amongst these is what may be spoken of as a celebrated stanza from her poem on "Life." It is frequently quoted, as it may very well be, as if it were the piece complete in itself. Perhaps our readers will be glad to see it entire.

"LIFE.

"LIFE ! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part ;
And when, or how, or where we met,
I own to me's a secret yet.
But this I know, when thou art fled,
Where'er they lay these limbs, this head,
No clod so valueless shall be
As all that then remains of me.
O whither, whither dost thou fly,
Where bend unseen thy trackless course,
And in this strange divorce,
Ah, tell where I must seek this compound I ?
To the vast ocean of empyreal flame,
From whence thy essence came,
Dost thou thy flight pursue, when freed
From matter's base encumb'ring weed ?
Or dost thou, hid from sight,
Wait, like some spell-bound knight,
Through blank oblivion's years th' appointed hour,
To break thy trance and reassume thy power ?
Or canst thou without thought or feeling be ?
Oh, say what art thou when no more thou'rt thee?"

But it is the last verse which has been so repeatedly quoted. Indeed, there is a delightful freshness in its expression, and a bright and animating hope. They are probably among the very last lines which fell from her pen.

"Life ! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather ;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear ;

Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time ;
Say not Good night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good morning !"

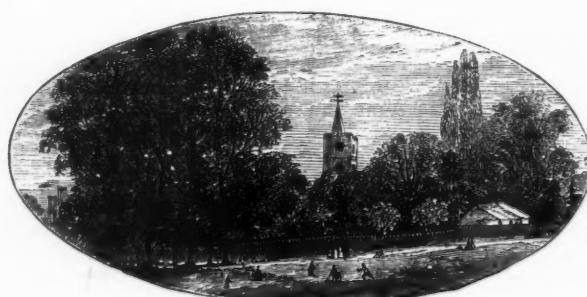
It was Crabb Robinson who gave the volumes in which these verses were published to Miss Wordsworth, the sister of the poet. When Wordsworth next met Robinson he said to him, "Repeat me that stanza by Mrs. Barbauld." Robinson did so. Then he requested him to repeat it again, until he learned it by heart. Then he walked up and down the sitting-room at Rydal repeating it himself, and ended by muttering, "I am not in the habit of grudging people their good things, but I wish I had written those lines !"

She died in 1825, in her eighty-second year. Her last letter was written to Maria Edgeworth. Referring to her approaching end, she had said to Crabb Robinson, "I do not wish to be better; but don't mistake me, I am not at all impatient, but quite ready." To Miss Edgeworth she wrote, "I believe you will allow that there is not much of new, or animating, or inviting to be met with at my age. For my part, I only find that many things I knew I have forgotten; many things I thought I knew I know nothing about. Some things I know I have found not worth knowing; and some things I would give—oh ! what would one not give to know ? They are beyond human ken." It was her brother who had written that beautiful couplet, which might have happily expressed her own state as a pious wish :

"From the Banquet of Life rise a satisfied guest,
Thank the Lord of the Feast, and in peace go to rest."

No doubt the end was hastened by her removal, only a few months before her death, from Stoke Newington to Hampstead. It changed all her old ways of life; but she passed away peacefully and calmly, realising the last verse of one of her sweetest and best known hymns :

"So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er.
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.
Life's duty done—as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,
How blest the righteous when he dies !"



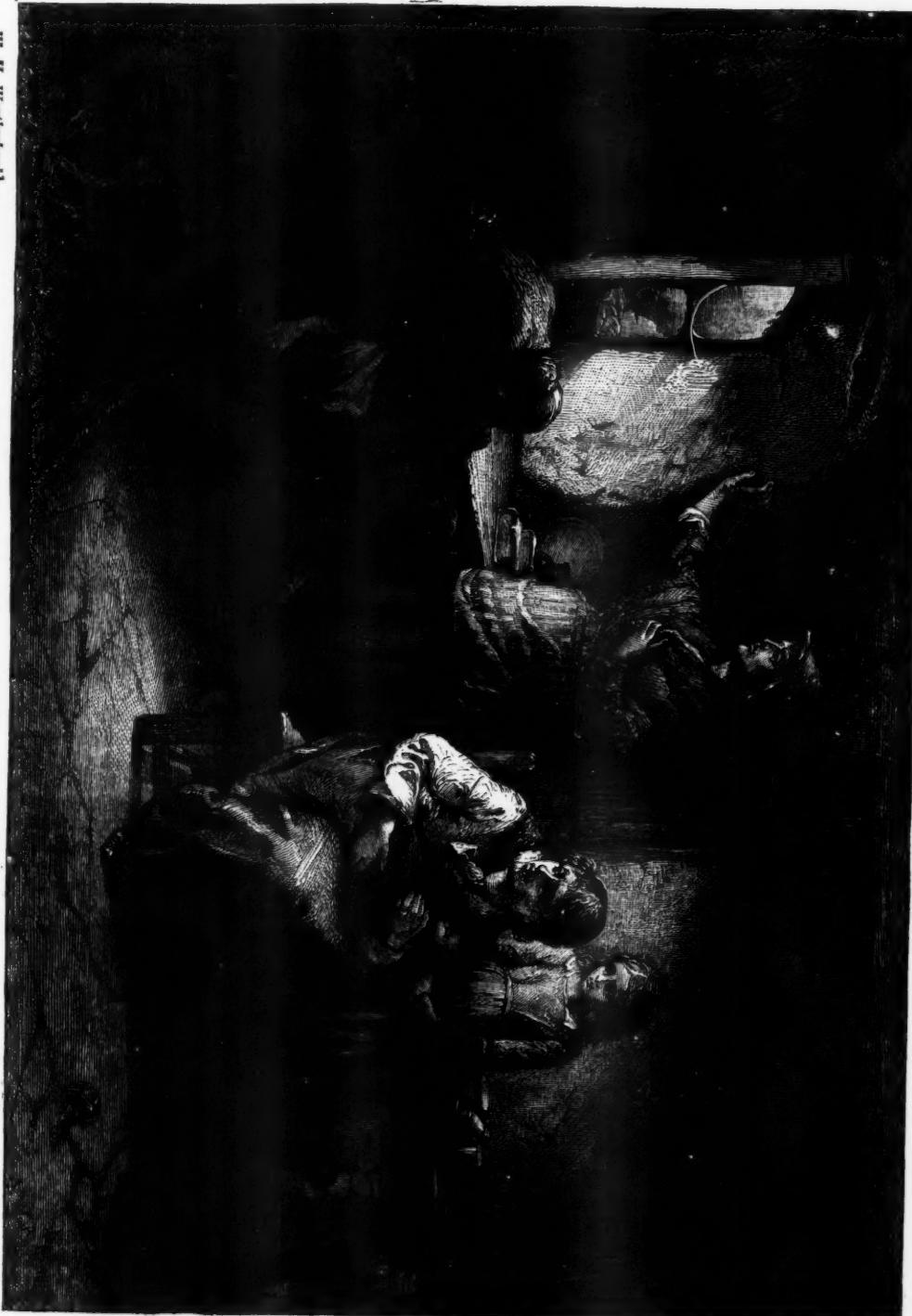
"THEY LOOKED AT THE SQUALL, AND THEY LOOKED AT THE SHOWER,
AND THE NIGHT-SAGE CAME ROLLING ON RAGGED AND BROWN
BUT MEN MUST WORK, AND WOMEN MUST WEEP,
THOUGH STORMS BE SUDEN, AND WAVES DEEP."

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W. H. Wetmore



"THEY LOOKED AT THE SQUALL, AND THEY LOOKED AT THE SHOWER,
AND THE NIGHT-RACK CAME ROLLING UP RAGGED AND BROWN.
BUT MEN MUST WORK, AND WOMEN MUST WEEP,
THOUGH STORMS BE SUDDEN, AND WATERS DEEP."

By Permission.

DOCTORS OUT OF PRACTICE.

BY J. CORDY JEAFFRESON, AUTHOR OF "A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS."

CHAPTER III.—THE POLITICIANS.

[N 1745—the year so fruitful of dismay to the Jacobites and of discomfort to the most cautious adherents of an irretrievably routed party—Dr. Beauford was summoned before the Privy Council to answer searching questions respecting his intercourse with his Jacobite patients, and more particularly respecting his confidential dealings with Lord Barrymore. But the physician proved so equal to the occasion that he soon made the lords of the Council think they might as well tell him to go about his business.

"You know Lord Barrymore?" asked one of the lords.

"Intimately—most intimately," answered the doctor, in the tone of a man bent on making a clean breast and full confession.

"You are continually with him?"

"We dine together almost daily when his lordship is in town," replied the witness, with a growing air of eager frankness.

"What do you talk about?"

"Eating and drinking, my lord."

"And what else?"

"Well, my lord," was the answer, preluded by a smile that, promising some startling revelation, seemed to indicate the doctor's inability to fence with so direct a questioner, "we talk about—drinking and eating."

"Ay, ay, but what else?"

"What else, my lord!" replied the physician, with a delicious assumption of simplicity and astonishment; "we never talk of anything but eating and drinking, and drinking and eating."

It may be taken for granted that when the two friends pledged "the King" in their cups, they did not drink to King George, and that gossip about cookery was seasoned with piquant talk in vindication of their "principles," and to the discredit of Hanoverian traitors.

Dr. Beauford lived in times when politicians were nothing if they were not "thorough," and doctors without political convictions and the courage to proclaim them could not hope to have many patients. One of Beauford's professional contemporaries was Dr. Barrowby—the lively wit who all the year round would sooner sacrifice a mere acquaintance than a good jest, and in seasons of hotly-contested elections would throw his best friend over to do his party a good turn. Barrowby (*not* Abernethy, as the blunderers insist) was the doctor who, whilst canvassing for a place on the staff of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, converted a powerful well-wisher into a vehement opponent by a droll freak of humorous insolence.

"Well, friend, what is your business?" asked the Snow Hill grocer, strutting up the shop, which Barrowby had entered because the tradesman was a governor of the hospital

Offended by the pompous and patronising air of the man, who obviously hoped for more than his proper meed of civility, Barrowby, instead of suing for his vote and influence, fixed him with a keen glance, and then answered, slowly, "I want a pound of plums. Be good enough to put them up quickly."

Barrowby's political fervour displayed itself characteristically in 1749 at the Westminster election, when Lord Trentham and Sir George Vandeput fought for the vacant seat with the vehemence expected of Westminster candidates in the good old times. Joe Weatherby, the whilom notorious landlord of the Ben Jonson's Head in Russell Street, was sick even to death, whilst the talk of his neighbours all turned on the chances of the two rival politicians, and misled by the language of Mrs. Weatherby, who was incessantly lamenting her husband's inability from sickness to record his vote for Sir George Vandeput, Barrowby (in attendance on the invalid) had declared that for Joe in his perilous condition to go to the polling booth would be for him to drive the last nail into his coffin. Under these circumstances, Barrowby, on paying his patient a visit on the last polling day, was not a little astonished to find him up and dressed and ready for a drive to his proper booth.

"What are you after?" cried Barrowby.

"I am going to poll," Joe answered, faintly.

"To poll! You are mad! Get to bed instantly. I won't stand by and let you kill yourself."

"Dear doctor," the fever-stricken patient pleaded, "let me have my wish. Now that my wife has gone out for the day I should like to get as far as Covent Garden and vote for Sir George."

"How, Joe, what d'you mean? Sir George?"

"Yes, sir, my mistress is all for his lordship, but I am a Vandeput man."

The case was altered. Seeing a sudden change for the better in his patient, Barrowby exclaimed, "Wait a minute, nurse. You needn't be in such haste to pull off his stockings. Here, Joe, let's feel your pulse. One, two, three—pon my honour, Joe, it's a good pulse; it's much firmer than it was yesterday; it beats like a hammer. Those new pills have done you a vast deal of good. You're another man."

"Sure I am, doctor," rejoined Joe, imploringly, "and I should so like to vote for Sir George."

"Well, Joe," returned the doctor, after a moment's consideration, "as you are so bent on going to this election it would be a pity for you to be disappointed. It's a fine day, and the drive may do you good. So as it's to be done let it be done quickly. Here, my good fellow, be quick now that Mrs. Weatherby is out of the way. I

will take you to Covent Garden in my chariot, and bring you back in ten minutes."

Delighted with his doctor's condescension, Weatherby went off to Covent Garden, like a gentleman, voted on the "right side," returned to his house in triumph, and died two hours afterwards, sinking rapidly under the reproaches of his wife and her friends of the Court party.

The manner of Barrowby's death was as remarkable as that of the patient for whose demise he was perhaps less accountable than people imagined. Called away to a patient from a party, where he had been talking and laughing with even more than his usual vivacity, the too light-hearted physician stepped into the chariot that had taken Joe Weatherby to Covent Garden. A few minutes later, on opening the door of the carriage, the doctor's footman found his master lying dead from a stroke of apoplexy.

The Catholics of the seventeenth century were in no small degree responsible for the political zeal that for successive generations distinguished the leaders of the medical profession, alike in London and the chief provincial towns. It is certain that when they could no longer correspond secretly by means of their priests, the Catholic families availed themselves of their doctors as agents for clandestine intercommunication. Certain also is it that in times prolific of politico-religious dissensions the other religious parties followed the example set them by the Catholics, till it came to be taken as a matter of course that a successful physician was a political partisan. Charles II may have exaggerated the activity and influence of the faculty in the intrigues of parties, but he had grounds for declaring that Dr. Lower, Nell Gwynn's physician, did more mischief than a troop of horse. Whilst Lower held the confidence of the Whigs, Thomas Short was the physician in whom the Catholics of Charles II's London delighted. When Lower had passed from the scenes of his political energy, his place was supplied by Garth, of whom Swift wrote in the "Journal to Stella" under date November 17, 1711, "This is Queen Elizabeth's birthday, usually kept in town by apprentices, etc.; but the Whigs designed a mighty procession by midnight, and had laid out a thousand pounds to dress up the pope, devil, cardinals, Sacheverel, etc., and carry them with torches about and burn them. They did it by contribution. Garth gave five guineas; Dr. Garth I mean, if ever you heard of him. But they were seized by order from the secretary. The figures are now at the secretary's office at Whitehall. I design to see them if I can." Garth was followed by Mead, Mead by Monsey, and each of the three had medical contemporaries, of whom it would be difficult to say whether they valued themselves chiefly for being eminent physicians or for being eminent Whigs. On the other side medical biography points to Radcliffe, Arbuthnot, Drake, and Friend. But of all the notable doctors of the Tory camp, Radcliffe was by far the most important and conspicuous personage—the most successful within the lines of his special calling, and the most powerful outside those lines.

In politics Radcliffe was "thorough." Even the Jacobites declared him accountable for Queen Anne's death, and denounced him as her "murderer." No one doubted that his heart was true to the "king over the water." But he was too shrewd and robust a man to yield to the sophistries and worldly suggestions by which Obadiah Walker sought to wheedle him into Romanism. "To advantages," he wrote to Walker in 1688—year of sore trial to ambitious and weak-kneed protestants, "may be very great, for all that I know; God Almighty can do much, and so can the king; but you'll pardon me if I cease to speak like a physician for once, and with an air of gravity am very apprehensive that I may anger the one in being too complaisant to the other." But though he repelled thus firmly the man who had the king's favour, Radcliffe cherished a generous affection for the master of University, and displayed it with singular munificence and steadiness when, driven from his college and fallen on evil days, the renegade had lost the power to push his friends' fortunes. From the date of his withdrawal from Oxford, a broken and dishonoured man, Walker subsisted on a handsome allowance from the money-loving doctor, who in later time defrayed the charges of his interment in St. Pancras churchyard, and years after his death placed a monument to his memory.

It may not, however, be imagined that the political doctors of olden time found all their patients amongst those who agreed with them in politics. Mead was largely employed by families that abhorred his party. Of the £7,000 (equal to £15,000 or £16,000 of Victorian money) which he earned in one of his most fortunate years, at least £2,000 came to him from the pockets of Tories. But Radcliffe was a still more remarkable example of a physician who despoiled his political adversaries in the way of professional service. Coming to town when Lower was falling out of favour with the Whigs, and Short was losing his hold on the Catholics, Radcliffe had not been long in London before Blackmore and Sir Edward Hannes had as much reason as Whistler and Sir Edmund King for being jealous of his success; and in the days of his supremacy the overbearing and caustic doctor was employed by the Whigs whom he detested almost as much as by the Tories whom he approved. Certainly he was at small pains to conciliate the leaders of either party. When he told Mead to treat the world ill if he would have it treat him well, the dying doctor gave counsel in harmony with his own practice and experience. Many of the extravagant stories told of Abernethy's rudeness to his patients were altogether inappropriate to the great surgeon, who was by no means the savage he has been represented, but were precisely true of the Jacobite physician who, on seeing William III's dropsical ankles for the first time, exclaimed with brutal sincerity, "I would not have your majesty's legs for your three kingdoms." Cynical and harsh to men, Radcliffe was no less sarcastic and disdainful to women. To a lady of high rank, whose speech caused him to think her a romantic

and fanciful creature, he remarked, "Phew, madam, you should curl your hair with a ballad."

Perhaps it was to Radcliffe's credit that he was even less complaisant to gentlewomen of the highest quality than to gentlewomen of no quality in particular. The circumstances that resulted in his dismissal from the Princess Anne of Denmark's service show how little he humoured the greatest of "the great." Shortly after Queen Mary's death, which was generally spoken of at the same time to his credit and discredit, he was sitting with some friends and wine in his favourite tavern, when a courtly messenger ran in upon him with a request that he would hasten to St. James's Palace to prescribe for the Princess of Denmark, who was seriously indisposed. "Good sir, tell her highness I'll come when I have had another bottle," the doctor replied, in a voice audible, as it was intended to be, to the speaker's convivial companions and every one else in the coffee-room. A quarter of an hour later, when the equerry appeared with a still more urgent request that the physician would hasten to his august patient, who was momentarily getting worse, Radcliffe, under the influence of his second bottle, declared he should visit the Princess quite soon enough if he called on her next day, adding, "Tell her royal highness that her distemper is nothing but vapours. She's in as good a state of health as any woman breathing, only she can't make up her mind to believe it."

On the morrow, when he was met in an anteroom of the Princess's apartment in St. James's Palace with an announcement that he had been dismissed from his post and succeeded in it by his rival, Dr. Gibbons, Radcliffe was seized with furious chagrin, that caused him to tell his patients how atrociously he had been treated by the Princess, who had positively had the ingratitude to send for a doctor who would not condescend to visit her when she wished to see him. Of course, the physician who succeeded him in the Princess's confidence also came in for a liberal allowance of abuse from this extremely ill-used gentleman. Gibbons was an imbecile, a dolt, an old woman who could order slops and broths, and was really rather a clever hand at making diet-drinks, but knew no more than any other nurse of the science of medicine. Nurse Gibbons had got a new nursery to look after; Nurse Gibbons would soon find it no easy task to minister to her new mistress; Nurse Gibbons was just fit to wait on a woman who fancied herself ill when she was strong as any horse; Nurse Gibbons would be troubled how to please her new employer, who was no gentlewoman to take kindly to slops and diet-drinks.

Neither at the moment of the rupture nor in later time did Radcliffe's exclusion from the Princess's household lower him in social regard or injure him in his practice. At the moment when the town was laughing over his wild talk about Nurse Gibbons and the woman who suffered from "the vapours," the affair was talked of less to the physician's discredit than as an example of the Princess's want of discretion. What prudent woman, princess or no princess, it was asked, would have quarrelled with the doctor who was

alike powerful to rescue Tories and Whigs from the jaws of death? How could the matter affect the doctor injuriously in later time, when it was known that, though regard for her own dignity precluded her from recalling the physician who had treated her with such outrageous insolence, the august gentlewoman (as Princess, and afterwards as Queen) used to order Gibbons's slops to be thrown into their appropriate pail, and even authorised her ladies-in-waiting to consult Dr. Radcliffe about her health. Perhaps the most curious matter of the Jacobite doctor's strange story was that the superstitious respect in which he was held by the Whigs was coupled with a belief on their part that he often neglected to visit sick Whigs out of spite, and was, moreover, quite capable, after coming to their beds, of letting them die, from pure malignity to their party, when he knew well how to save them. Often one heard it said of him, "He might have saved poor Tom if he had liked, only poor Tom was a Whig, and so he left him to die." Queen Mary died because, though he came to her in her last sickness, he would not put out all his strength and "do all he knew" to save her. In a passage of his "History"—a passage withheld from the printed work but to be found in the Harleian MSS.—Bishop Burnet remarked, "I will not enter into another province, nor go out of my profession, and so will say no more of the physician's part, but that it was universally condemned, so that the Queen's death was imputed to the unskilfulness and wilfulness of Dr. Radcliffe, an impious and vicious man, who hated the Queen much, but virtue and religion more. He was a professed Jacobite, and was by many thought a very bad physician, but others cried him up to the highest degree imaginable. He was called for, and it appeared that his opinion was depended on. Other physicians were called in when it was too late." The reader may be left to imagine what preposterous things were believed and said by the multitude of the Jacobite doctor, when a man of Burnet's intelligence and culture could write in this strain of the Queen's chief medical attendant.

The story of Radcliffe's murder of Queen Anne is even more amusing. When the Queen's "hour" was drawing nigh, the ladies, who had so often consulted about their mistress under "the rose," and half a hundred equally transparent and ridiculous artifices, were urgent that the great physician—the only man able to recover her majesty—should be openly sent for and entreated to dismiss his long-nursed animosity against his royal mistress, and out of his magnanimity to save her, the country, and the Jacobite party from imminent destruction. The advice of the ladies was so far taken that Lady Masham ventured to dispatch an equally urgent and conciliatory message to Radcliffe, then lying at his country house in Carshalton. But the doctor, already stricken with the mortal illness that killed him within three months of the Queen's death, could only answer that it was impossible for him to wait on her majesty. The doctor's reply to Lady Masham's summons was regarded by the courtiers and gossips as the Queen's death-warrant. "She continued," Charles

Ford wrote to Swift in the body of a letter that must have set the dean chuckling, "ill the whole day. In the evening I spoke to Dr. Arbuthnot, and he told me that he did not think her temper was desperate. Radcliffe was sent for to Carshalton about noon by order of the Council, but said he had taken physic and could not come. In all probability he had saved her life, for I am told that the late Lord Gower had been often in the condition with the gout in the head, and Radcliffe kept him alive many years after." All the comedy of this epistle, written, any one would infer from the body of the document, after the Queen's death, is not apparent to the reader till he comes to the postscript, which gives the latest intelligence in these words: "The Queen is something better, and the Council again adjourned till eight in the morning." The Queen, however, died on the following day, when murmurs were heard in every quarter of the town against the disloyal and impious physician who had lingered in the enjoyment of his rural retreat when by journeying to town he might have prolonged her days and saved the country from the grasp of the Hanoverian faction.

What wonder that the public exaggerated the doctor's power in this manner when Arbuthnot, a Tory physician, could gravely tell Swift of the malicious delight taken by Radcliffe "in preserving my Lord Chief Justice Holt's wife, whom he attended out of spite to her husband, who wished her dead." For the moment the Whigs, who gained so much, and the Tories, who lost even more by the Queen's demise, generally concurred in the opinion that had Radcliffe (the Tory) hastened to her side, as true Tory should have done, instead of leaving her in a position of which young Dr. Meade (the Whig) made himself the master, Good Queen Anne would still have been in life and power. For some weeks the outcry against Radcliffe was superlatively violent. In the House of Commons it was moved that the physician, as one of the representatives of Buckingham, should be summoned to attend in his place in order that he should be fitly censured by the House for neglecting to attend her late majesty, and thereby contributing to the causes of her death—a proposal all the more painful to the doctor because it proceeded from a baronet whom he had long numbered amongst his closest friends, and with whom, as he pathetically remarked in the ensuing letter, he had "drunk many hundred bottles."

"Dear sir," the physician wrote from Carshalton on August 7th, 1714, "I could not have thought so old an acquaintance and so good a friend as Sir John always professed himself would have made such a motion against me. God knows, my will to do her majesty any service has ever got the start of my ability, and I have nothing that gives me greater anxiety and trouble than the death of that great and glorious princess. I must do that justice to the physicians that attended her in her illness, from a sight of the method that was taken for her preservation transmitted to me by Dr. Meade, as to declare nothing was omitted for her preservation, but the people about her—the

plagues of Egypt fall upon them!—put it out of the power of physick to be of any benefit to her. I know the nature of attending crowned heads to their last moments too well to be fond of waiting upon them without being sent for by a proper authority. You have heard of pardons being signed for physicians before a sovereign's demise. However, as ill as I was, I would have went to the Queen in a horse-litter had either her majesty, or those in commission next to her, commanded me so to do. You may tell Sir John as much, and assure him from me that his zeal for her majesty will not excuse his ill-usage of a friend with whom he has drunk many hundred bottles, and who cannot, even after this breach of the good understanding that was ever preserved between us, but have a very good esteem for him."

Whilst it was under consideration whether Radcliffe should be formally censured by the House of Commons, there is evidence (albeit scarcely conclusive evidence) that thirteen passionate fools made a resolve and compact with one another to waylay the physician on his road from Carshalton to Croydon, and avenge the Queen's death with his assassination. One is reluctant to believe that thirteen Englishmen could have been found in the first year of George I capable of planning so monstrous an outbreak of fanatical malevolence. But if he was not in this matter the victim of a cruel and stupid hoax, it must be taken for true history that the physician was saved from a violent death, and preserved for several more weeks of torture from an overpowering malady by this curious epistle.

"Doctor,—Tho' I am no friend of yours, but on the contrary one that could wish your destruction in a legal way, for not preventing the death of our most excellent Queen, whom you had it in your power to save, yet I have such an aversion to the taking away men's lives unfairly, as to acquaint you that, if you go to meet the gentleman you have appointed to dine with at the Greyhound, in Croydon, on Thursday next, you will be most certainly murthered. I am one of the persons engaged in the conspiracy, with twelve more, who are resolved to sacrifice you to the *ghost of her late majesty, that cries aloud for blood*; therefore, neither stir out of doors that day, nor any other, nor think of exchanging your present abode for your house at Hammersmith, since there and everywhere else we shall be in quest of you. I am touched with remorse, and give you this notice; but take care of yourself, lest I repent of it, and give proofs of so doing by having it in my power to destroy you, who am your sworn enemy.

"N. G."

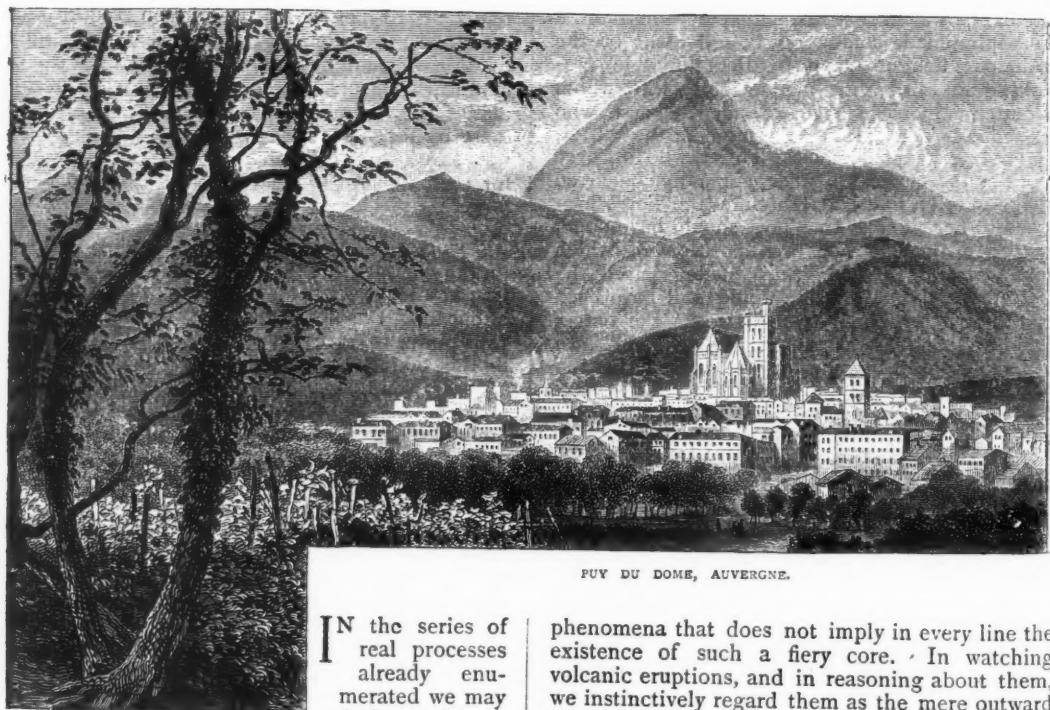
No hoax was suspected in this strange epistle by its recipient, who, keeping himself a close prisoner at Carshalton, though he was very desirous of paying London another visit, spent the last weeks of his life in lively fear of assassination—an apprehension that, aggravating the irritability and gloom begotten of gout, was doubtless in some degree accountable for the fatal course of his bodily disorder. Doleful in its cir-

cumstances, the conclusion of this famous physician's career would have been even more dismal had it not been for the sympathetic attentiveness of several of his old medical friends, who, to the neglect of their patients and professional interests, paid him frequent visits. Meade's horses were often seen on the road from London to Carshalton during those mournful weeks, and on one of his frequent journeys to his failing patron and friend, the young and rapidly rising doctor took with him the beautiful Bible, which had in former times been perused by William III. In one of the Lansdowne MSS. Kennet relates that on his last visit to his patient at Carshalton, Meade had

occasion to observe that the dying man had turned over the leaves of the seasonable present from the first chapter of Genesis to the middle of Exodus, "whence," observes the writer of the memorandum, "it might be inferred that he had never before read the Scriptures, as I doubt must be inferred of Dr. Linacre, from the account given by Sir John Cheke." It was thus that the great physician passed at a moment of unmerited discredit from a generation that had formerly honoured him far above his deserts, "falling a victim," as his original biographer assures his smiling readers, "to the ingratitude of a thankless world and the fury of the gout."

EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOES.

III.



PUY DU DOME, AUVERGNE.

IN the series of real processes already enumerated we may find a partial explanation of the

phenomena of earthquakes, although the ultimate causes that start and maintain these processes must be sought over a wider field. It is time, however, to return for a little to the consideration of the phenomena of volcanic eruptions.

Such is the force of the tradition of a fiery interior of the earth that it is almost impossible to find language for the description of volcanic

phenomena that does not imply in every line the existence of such a fiery core. In watching volcanic eruptions, and in reasoning about them, we instinctively regard them as the mere outward signs and symptoms of a general internal fire. We hastily assume that the slight rise of temperature in mines and borings, the shocks of earthquakes in non-volcanic regions, the tumultuous forms of mountains, and many other appearances, are necessarily connected with the fiery eruptions of the volcano. The question whether the intense heat of the volcano may be a local and superficial product appears to have been rarely considered. But if it be a superficial product the usual reasonings about it are obviously vitiated by a basis of

illusion. Supposing that the volcanic gases are combustible gases, and that the liquid material emitted is a combustible material, we have obviously presented to our observation only the products of combustion. We are like the moth who should reason on the nature of a gas flame, maintaining that carbonic acid and water are the only substances emitted, and that these substances being incombustible must be intensely heated in the depths of the gasometer; or like a philosopher from another sphere, standing at the mouth of a furnace, and arguing that as nothing combustible comes out therefore nothing combustible can be within. If combustible gases are emitted in volcanic eruptions it is barely possible that any portion should escape unburnt. If combustible magma is extruded it is barely possible that any portion should escape unoxydised into the air. All evidence regarding the nature of the gases emitted by volcanoes is to the effect that they are precisely what we should find if a mixture of gases resembling the gas of gas-works were burnt in the volcanic crater and in its porous walls. Spectroscopic observations have proved of late years that in volcanic eruptions there really does occur an extensive burning of such gases. "A volcano," says Deville, "is a crater to which converge the products of the combustion of various gaseous compounds. In proportion to the distance from this centre the indications of a decreasingly energetic combustion are met with." Dr. Geikie remarks that "Herr Siemens has been led, from observations made in May, 1878, at Vesuvius, to conclude that vast quantities of hydrogen gas, or combustible compounds of hydrogen, exist in the earth's interior, and that these, rising and exploding in the funnels of volcanoes, give rise to the detonations and clouds of steam." Herr Siemens being the greatest recent authority on the power of heated gases, his evidence is peculiarly valuable. But ample proof already existed, obtained in the exceptional cases in which the gaseous emanations of volcanoes had been emitted under water, or otherwise preserved from contact with the air, so that the original gas, and not the burnt product, was submitted to analysis.

It is less easy to ascertain the real nature of the fresh unburnt lava, or rather of that mysterious magma of which lava is the burnt product. Emissions of lava are not to be trifled with, and cannot, like the gases, be collected in a chemist's receiver. Sea water exercises on burning lava such powerful chemical effects that it is no less altered under its influence than under that of the atmosphere. Dr.

Prestwich has ingeniously suggested that the cold of the glacial period might have produced a temporary lull in the intensity of volcanic action. However this may be, there is certainly more chance that unburnt lava should be preserved unchanged if emitted in the polar regions than in



OVIFAK, NORTH GREENLAND.

any other climate. In 1870 Professor Nordenskiold discovered at Ovifak, on the coast of Greenland, large masses of iron, supposed at first to be of meteoric origin. They contained, moreover, between four and five per cent. of carbon and about one per cent. of sulphur. M. Daubree, who has specially devoted himself to the study of meteorites and the testing of theories regarding the nucleus of the earth, writes as follows of this discovery:—"One may consequently admit that the masses of iron which appear to constitute the deeper regions of the terrestrial globe are not wanting in carbon, both combined and free, and that they may thus, in this respect, resemble meteorites, and especially the masses of Ovifak." It is now generally admitted that these masses of Ovifak are not of meteoric origin, but that they had simply fallen out of a neighbouring mass of solidified basaltic lava. This lava has been found not only beside the supposed meteorites, but also at other points of the coast, and it not only contains masses of iron, but is intimately penetrated throughout with metallic iron of the same composition as that of the supposed meteorites. "The conclusion is," says M. Stanislas Mennier, a special authority on this subject, "that the metal proceeds from the deep regions of the globe, and represents consequently a specimen of the metallic nucleus of the earth." The masses of iron found by Pallas in Siberia appear to be of similar origin. "More than one mass of iron regarded as a meteorite," says De Lapparent, "might well, as in the case of the native iron of Ovifak, take its place among bodies of terrestrial origin." In place of founding

on this discovery speculations on the nature of meteorites and the nucleus of the earth, it is certainly allowable to register, as a well-ascertained fact, the conclusion that the commonest form of lava poured from fiery volcanoes is originally a highly combustible substance, capable of emitting, when brought at a moderate temperature in contact with the air, a great amount of heat, owing to the burning of the carbon, sulphur, and iron, which is still intimately mixed with its substance in considerable proportions, even after long exposure to the polar air. When we remember that this material is emitted from volcanoes in admixture with vast quantities of highly combustible gases, we must admit that the superficial burning which actually takes place in volcanic craters and on lava streams may be, for all that we know to the contrary, the main source of the intensity of their temperature.

IV.

I WRITE from a Spanish kitchen near the crest of the Pyrenees, beside a fire composed of an entire tree, surrounded by five great dogs whose spiked collars are a formidable protection from the wolves and boars of the surrounding forest. A few days since I crossed the mountains with mules and miners bringing dynamite and boring-tools to open up a new mining region rich in mercury, silver, and copper. To-day the thaw, following an unusually heavy snowstorm, has stopped the work of unearthing the ancient galleries excavated by former local adventurers.

Coming here from the plains of France the road is a perpetual ascent. The Pyrenees rise abruptly as an irregular mass, corroded by streams and rain. But on reaching the summit of the range you step suddenly on a boundless plateau, and perceive that what is called the Pyrenean chain is simply the rough, timeworn edge of the vast plateau of Spain. All along the chain this view may be verified as nearly approaching the truth. Usually from the Spanish plateau the surface rises so gradually that no imposing mountains appear to the north, while looking southward from the low French plains a steep rocky wall bounds the horizon with its dark, snow-sprinkled precipices. The form of the Pyrenees, as represented on maps, like a long, sharp roof, suggesting upheaval along the centre, is altogether misleading. It is only of late years that by detailed study and exact representation a correct impression of the great features of the earth's surface is being gradually attained. And these features are being thus recognised as no results of tumultuous outbursts of internal fires, but as the slight inequalities produced by gradual and irregular changes in the rock masses of the earth's crust, due to processes that must be of very various and complex character. On any theory the facts of mountain structure compel the admission that vast pressures are laterally transmitted, producing foldings and contortions of the rocks sufficient to account for many protuberances of the surface; and on any theory it must be admitted that these movements occur *as if* the

external, and therefore most extensive, shell of the globe were in process of sinking down, adapting itself by squeezing, crushing, and crumpling together, to a smaller shell beneath. But these features obviously admit of various explanations. The same results would follow from an expansion of the earth's outer crust as from a contraction of the nucleus, and the combination of many and various processes tending to produce subsidence would probably, owing to the lateral extension of their effects, yield the same superficial results as would follow from the general contraction of a molten globe. Undoubtedly the latter theory is the simplest, and has enjoyed an extensive popularity; it accounts in a rough fashion for the facts at the price of ulterior difficulties; it is a *deus ex machina* of superabundant power and plastic attributes; but to those who regard modern science as yet in its infancy—as "just beginning to toddle," to quote words from the lips of one of the foremost philosophers of our day—the igneous theory is of that *a priori* character which is unfavourable to the progress of research. It is certainly more useful to investigate and classify the various processes which certainly obtain in the rocks, and to leave the igneous theory for future use when we have clearly ascertained that those processes are inadequate, and that no additional processes of similar character remain to be discovered. In the present state of science it is scarcely possible to affirm the insufficiency of even the chemical and other causes that have been discovered within the last few years. That these causes produce sinking in one district and upheaval in another, and that the very frequent crumpling of the superficial rocks is not produced by mere contraction of the earth's interior, but also in great part by expansion of the outer crust, through gradual oxydation and intrusion of material from below, as suggested by De la Beche, is a view that can be maintained in scientific detail.

The discovery of Sir Humphrey Davy that the earths and alkalies were simply the rust of metals that, in their unoxydised and metallic state, had never yet been seen by human eye, is one of the most brilliant triumphs of the science of the present century. Suddenly, in a moment, that fortunate philosopher, watching in the laboratory of the Royal Institution the metallic button that the application of a powerful electric current to a drop of fused potash produced at the termination of a wire, could affirm that, in all probability, the masses of the Alps and the Himalayas, the plains of the Pampas and the Sahara, all the rocks of the earth that the human race had trodden for six thousand years, were in reality composed of the mere rust of metals soft as lead or brilliant as silver. Naturally he concluded that the interior of our globe was but a mass of these brilliant metals, and that their oxydation, or gradual burning, by the slowly penetrating atmosphere and its attendant moisture, was the source of volcanoes and of the internal temperature of mines. With characteristic modesty and the true spirit of research, he examined the phenomena of Vesuvius, and, failing to find the expected results of his theory in the eruption that he was enabled to

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witness, he occupied himself no further with the subject. Later observations, under more favourable circumstances, have proved that the evidences sought by Davy, especially the evolution of hydrogen, are really to be found in abundance, as has been mentioned in a preceding page. Even before these evidences had been successfully detected, Daubeny derived from extensive observation of active volcanoes conclusions favourable to the theory of Davy. But all the evidence in favour of this theory is equally favourable to the view that the elements whose oxydation yields the heat to be accounted for are reduced to the unoxydised condition by processes that accompany their accumulation in the rocks. The history of the earth as recorded in geology affords no satisfactory evidence of the progressive changes that would accompany the gradual and constant oxydation of a primitive unoxydised nucleus; all the satisfactory evidence accumulated is in favour of the view that the changes which occur are of cyclical character, the processes that occur to-day being the result of similar processes in the past and the source of similar processes in the future. Thus the granitic masses which to-day crumble into clay, sand, and salts are the source of similar granitic masses that must gradually form at the base of the new rocks produced by the accumulation of such detritus. Thus the mountains which to-day yield mud, sand, and dissolved salts to the torrents of their slopes are preparing vast accumulations in the neighbouring seas which in future time may yield rock masses no less formidable than those of the Alps and Himalayas. Thus the metallic veins of the existing mining districts, yielding metallic solutions to the waters of the surface and the interior, afford the constituents which are necessary to the formation of new ribs of metal in later crevices of the rocks. Thus the buried forests and meadows of former soils clothed with vegetation yield to the present atmosphere the carbon necessary to sustain the vegetable life that provides by its accumulations the coal deposits of a future age; and the limestones dissolved in the rivers of our day are carried to the ocean to form the material of the shells that build the limestones of the future. And similarly we may suppose that the organic matter, the carbon, the fuel, necessary to the production of reduced or unoxydised metallic elements, is afforded by the perpetual burying of organic matter, which takes place as a necessary part of the complex process through which rocks are produced by the transport of mud, sand, and salts into the oceans that, in their mobile and varying depths, receive the deposits that will form the plains and mountains of the future. As in the smelter's furnace the action of the fuel extracts the metal from its ore, so in the earth the buried fuel may produce metallic masses in some respects resembling those to which Davy attributed the origin of volcanic and internal heat. The gradual insensible process of reduction throughout long ages in the rocks may yield the same result as the rapid and coarser process of the smelter; and the natural process, like all the works of nature, is more perfect, with less loss, and therefore

requiring a smaller proportion of fuel. And thus we find the ancient granites usually devoid of organic matter, which, on the whole, is less abundant in proportion to the time during which the rocks have been buried under conditions favourable to the employment of their organic impurities in the processes of reduction indicated above.

Such is the rough outline of the chemical theory of volcanoes which may be maintained in the present state of science. But little reading is required to assure any intelligent mind that the process must admit of innumerable local variations in conformity with the infinite complexity of the internal anatomy of our globe.

This chemical view of the origin of volcanic action is favoured at the present day by comparatively few geologists. Dr. Percy, whose lectures on chemical geology form the only compendium of that science contributed by an English author, appears inclined to admit some such explanation of volcanic heat. De Lapparent, whose recent "Manual of Geology" is the work of an uncompromising upholder of the doctrine of a molten interior, admits that the chemical theory "can invoke in its favour the indulgence, perhaps even the favour, of some distinguished scientists." His objections are a fair sample of those usually urged against it. He remarks that some volcanoes "rest on granite—that is to say, a fundamental rock, beneath which there are neither limestones to evolve carbonic acid, nor coal-beds to yield hydrocarbons by distillation, nor salt deposits to furnish salt;" that other volcanoes rest on gneiss and mica-schist, and others on Silurian rocks, which he regards as poor in supplies of fuel; and he asks how it is that volcanic energy can attain its greatest intensity in tropical regions, which are precisely those least adapted to the formation of beds of coal. Such objections are in part mere theoretical consequences of the internal-fire theory, in part mere slips of memory, such as must affect the writing of any work of extensive scope, such as the exhaustive and incomparable manual of De Lapparent. There exists no independent proof that granite is a fundamental rock, and few known granites are of so great an age as those Laurentian strata of America, in which Principal Dawson has detected "immense deposits of graphitised plants," as well as extensive masses of limestone. The granite of the Pyrenees frequently presents interbedded limestones of Silurian, Devonian, or carboniferous age, and there is good evidence that many granitic masses may be only cakes of granite overlying older sedimentary rocks. Petroleum is a constituent of the granite of Broddbo; and other forms of carbon abound, especially in the Pyrenees, in the limestones formerly classed as primitive. Salt has been abundantly detected in the microscopic pores of granite. Petroleum, during the last twenty years, has proved chiefly abundant in the older rocks formerly supposed to be the witnesses of an almost lifeless world. Even Humboldt has mentioned in his travels an oil-spring emanating from mica-slate. Bitumen runs from the kilns where the Silurian limestone of Niagara is burnt for lime. Silurian rocks are

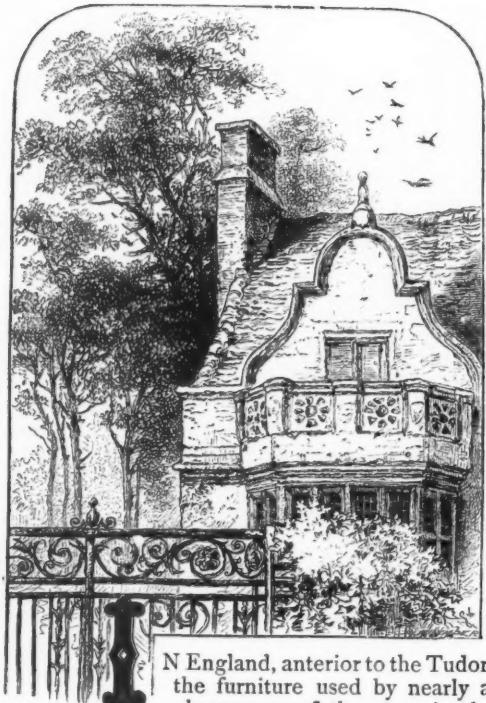
very often peculiarly rich in carbon. Few years have elapsed since the discovery of considerable beds of coal in Greenland, under a climate apparently less adapted to its formation than the least favourable regions of the tropics. Scarcely a year passes without the discovery of some new fact of observation tending to remove some supposed difference between the oldest and the newest deposits.

All statements founded upon the absence of evidence are, in the present fragmentary condition of geology, liable to be overthrown to-morrow by the turning of some new page in the immeasurable archives of the earth. The temptation to complete a theory seems, however, irresistible wherever the imperfection and obscurity of the records leave free scope to the imagination.

ENGLISH HOMES IN THE OLDEN TIME.

THE ELIZABETHAN PERIOD.

III.—ITS FURNITURE.



In England, anterior to the Tudors, the furniture used by nearly all classes was of the very simplest and plainest. Rough planks were the usual seats, the table was a board placed on trestles, and removed after meals, while the floor was covered with rushes, straw, or hay. Fitz-Stephens, the biographer and secretary of Thomas à Becket, mentions that his apartments were every day in winter covered with clean hay or straw, and in summer with green rushes or boughs, this being particularly insisted upon because of the number of his retinue and the many gentlemen who paid court to him. Many of them could not be accommodated at table, and had to sit, in all their finery, upon the floor.

The chamber, or bower, was furnished with a little more regard to comfort. "It is frequently represented," says the writer of "Our English

Home," "with a table, a few stools, an arm-chair, and a cupboard for the household treasures. The bed, which consisted of a sack of straw, was placed on a bench in a recess, with a coverlet of felt or skin, with sometimes a curtain before it. The elegancies of home were few in this stage of history, yet on festive occasions a cloth was spread upon the table—a luxury one would scarcely have supposed to have been appreciated; but, as the Anglo-Saxons took the meat from the dishes with their fingers—hardly deigning to use the knife—it was probably intended for wiping the hands, and not spread from any feeling of refinement. The table garnish was not very extensive; a few wooden platters, some knives and spoons, an abundance of drinking-cups, and dishes for the meat were the principal articles; utensils of gold and silver were reserved for the service of wine; the meat was brought to table in large joints, and carved by an attendant. The Saxons were neither luxurious nor fastidious at table." Still, among the wealthy there were evidences of taste and cultivation. Tapestry was brought to them from India even in those early days; it was termed, in their homely manner, "wall clothes." Aldhelm speaks of hangings dipped in purple dye. Such were luxuries for the rich alone.

From this epoch to that of Elizabeth's reign is a great leap, and the gradual increase of conveniences and luxuries cannot be traced through all its intricate ramifications within the limited space at command. While there was still much lacking in comfort, there was a degree of splendour in some of the Elizabethan furniture that puts that of to-day to shame. "Carved and inlaid bedsteads, with hangings of cloth of gold, paled with white damask and black velvet, and embroidered with heraldic badges; blue velvet, powdered with silver lions; black satin, with gold roses and escutcheons of arms; tapestry of cloths of gold and silver for hanging on the walls; gold plate, enamelled with precious stones, and cloths of gold for covering tables, must have exceeded in magnificence any idea we can form of their effect." Yet we must remember that these were the accessories of wealth and nobility alone, while on the other hand the comfort of a carpet was seldom—and

the luxury of a fork never-known during the reign under review.

Harrison, an eye-witness of the improvements introduced into home-life about this time, has left us a graphic description. "The furniture of our houses," says he, "exceedeth, and is growne in a maner euen to passing delicacie; and herein I doo not speake of the nobilitie and gentrie onlie, but likewise of the lowest sort in most places of our south countrie, that have anie thing at all to take to. Certes, in noblemen's houses it is not rare to see abundance of arras, rich hangings of tapestrie, siluer vessell, and so much other plate as may furnish sundrie cupboards, to the sum oftentimes of a thousand or two thousand pounds at the least; whereby the value of this, and their other stufie, dooth grove to be almost inestimable. Likewise, in the houses of knights, gentlemen, merchantmen, and some other wealthie citizens, it is not geson to behold generallie their prouision of tapestrie. Turkie work, pewter, brass, fine linen, and thereto costlie cupboards of plate," etc. Farther on he speaks of the improvements in lodgings. "Our fathers," he tells us—"yea, we ourselves also—haue lien full oft vpon straw pallets, on rough mats couered onlie with a sheet, vnder couerlets made of dogswain, and a round log under their heads, instead of a bolster or pillow. If it were so that our fathers, or the goodman of the house, had, within seuen yeaeres after his mariage, purchased a mattress or flockebed, and thereto a sacke of chaff to rest his head vpon, he thought himselfe to be as well lodged as the lorde of the towne." He proceeds to show how pewter had supplanted "treene" * platters, and silver or tin the wooden spoons, and how even the small farmer now expected to have three or four featherbeds, so much tapestry, a fair quantity of pewter in his cupboard, "a siluer salt, a bowle for wine, and a dozen of spoones to furnish up a sute." The country was decidedly "looking up," as our cousins across the water would say.

Paper-hangings were as yet unknown, but the productions of the loom more than compensated for those now universal wall-coverings. The merchants made rapid fortunes by their commerce in the rich stuffs of Arras and Brabant, and a few yards of valuable tapestry formed oftentimes a royal present. Shakespeare makes constant allusions to Arras, both as regards its decorative value and the opportunities it afforded of concealment:

" Her bed-chamber was hanged
With tapestry of silk and silver ; the story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman.
A piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship and value." †

The great stories of the Bible or ancient history often furnished the subjects for these artistic decorations. Edward iv paid £984 8s. 8d. for some pieces of arras displaying the history of

Nebuchadnezzar, the equivalent of about £15,000 of our money. Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, the conquests of Alexander or Charlemagne, were favourite themes. These representations were always accompanied by terse proverbs and wise sayings worked on the tapestry. But then our ancestors were fond of imparting wisdom in this manner. Sundials, mantles, doors, tables, chairs, cups, and almost every article of domestic use, bore moral maxims or philosophical mottoes.

In one * of the many allusions to tapestry found in the works of our great Bard, a passage occurs which has a very distinct bearing on our subject. Borachio says: "As I was smoking a musty room," etc. The explanation is simple enough; the heavy hangings on the walls, coupled with disregard of ventilation and cleanliness, and the lack of fire-places, held the smells or dampness of the house, and fumigation became necessary. Spices and other aromatic substances were often used. Old Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," tells us that "the smoake of juniper is in great request with us at Oxford, to sweeten our rooms."

In the fourteenth century the little village of Worsted, near Norwich, first produced that stuff which still bears its name, and worsted-work hangings did for the middle classes that which tapestry did for the upper. The arrangement of the hall, whether in a great mansion, a manor-house, or a grange, was the same. The choicest piece of arras always hung behind the raised daïs at the end of the hall, or was thrown over a rod or screen to form a canopy for the state chair, often the only chair in the hall. This seat—for the master of the house—was often carved and ornamented, while the long benches for the guests were of coarse woodwork. "When we read," says the learned author of "Our English Home," that—

" To bench went the bold,"

as in the romance of "Amis and Amilion," we are to understand that they went to dinner. The first effort to improve the bench was to supply it with a raised back, called a "bink," or bank, which was added not so much out of regard to personal comfort as to exhibit the beautiful "bankers" of arras or cloth of gold, which, on state occasions, were thrown over them. A poet, in his description of a feast, tells us that—

" The bankers on the binks lay."

When the rare luxury of cushions was added to

* "Much Ado about Nothing," Act i. sc. 3. There are nearly a score of distinct references to arras and tapestry in Shakespeare's works. It is very frequently mentioned as a place of concealment. Thus, when the sheriff is on the heels of Falstaff, Prince Hal bids him hide "behind the arras," and when the man of law has gone away he is found

"Fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse."—

[†] Henry IV. ii. 4.

Polonius "conveys" himself behind the arras, and is, in consequence, killed by Hamlet. Hear the Queen:—

" Behind the arras hearing something stir,
He whips his rapier out, and cries, A rat ! a rat !
And, in this brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man."—"Hamlet," iv. 1.

Tapestry of this kind being valuable, was, when put away, or when packed for transportation, placed "in cypress chests" ("Taming of the Shrew," ii. 1), the odour of which kept moths and other insects away

* A kind of base metal.

† "Cymbeline," Act ii. sc. 4.

the comfort of the bench, they were often covered with a rich stuff called *vandekin*, a fabric similar, perhaps, to what we call brocade. It was extensively used in the mediæval home for beds, counterpanes, cushions, and the decoration of household furniture generally. Strangely, while these expensive pieces of needlework or loom-work were in general use, the furniture which they adorned remained exceedingly rough and rude. It was desirable that the plank which formed the table should extend the whole length of the hall, and the owner felt more satisfaction if it had been cut from his estate. Fifty-two oaks from the wood of the Prior of Merton were required to make a round table for the palace of Windsor in 1356. In an old ms. the following lines occur :

" When they had ete, and grace sayd,
And the tabyll away was leyd,"

illustrating the fact that the table was a merely temporary affair, usually cleared away after the meal. Tables with a framework and solid legs were, however, known about the time of Chaucer, who speaks of the worthy gentleman who had

" His table dormaunt in his hall alway."

The "table dormaunt," resting permanently in the principal chamber, indicated a probable hospitality.

The cupboard nowadays, being for use only, is kept shut, but in very early times it was opened on grand occasions, and displayed the plate and treasures of the house. In the fourteenth century it was often richly carved, and gradually developed into the dressoir,* or buffet, which became more and more the ornament of the hospitable hall. A canopy was often suspended over it, and its shelves were covered with curious needlework, diapers, or even carpets, the latter often of "Turkye worek." All the plate of the establishment was displayed on it, that for actual use at the time being placed on the lower shelf. It often had doors of carved tracery, enabling the visitors to see the treasures within. These cupboards were called ambries or almeries, a term apparently derived from the cupboard of the buttery, where the broken meat for the poor was locked up. Of the festive board itself in the olden time we shall have occasion to speak in relation to the meal-times and food of the period.

* The humble kitchen "dresser" evidently derives its title from this word.

THE BRITISH PEOPLE:

THEIR INCOME AND EXPENDITURE, THEIR VIRTUES AND THEIR VICES.

BY PROFESSOR LEONE LEVI, F.S.A., F.S.S., ETC., ETC.

THIRD PAPER.

I.—AN HETEROGENEOUS GROUP OF INCOMES.

ON the National Ledger of the income and expenditure of the British people I see on the debit side a mass of heterogeneous incomes not nearly so constant and so reliable as those from land and houses and public securities, but from trades and professions, labour and service, subject to changes and contingencies of all kinds, from health and disease, from bounds and rebounds in trade and commerce. Here is a business quite safe in its character, with a large and well established custom, a splendid goodwill, quite a fortune in itself, worth in the market probably fifteen years' purchase; there is another business of an altogether different character—weak, speculative, and just starting into existence, probably a bogus company which can only thrive under an artificially-heated temperature, not worth three years' purchase. Here are the incomes of leading barristers and physicians; there are those of opera singers and artists, which a cold may destroy or paralyse. Here is income purely from capital, or from capital and labour together; there is income purely from labour and skill. In all cases fitness and ability, prudence and perseverance, are chief elements of success, and yet I venture to

say behind these elements there is another influence quite as powerful which may further or thwart the best designs, which some call luck or chance, but which more appropriately may be designated as the smiling or frowning of Providence. Well might Metastasio say,

Nel cammin di nostra vita
Senza i rai del Ciel cortese
Si smarrisce ogn' alma ardita
Frema il cuor, vacilla il piè.

A compir le belle imprese
L'arte giova, il senno ha parte
Ma vaneggia il senno e l'arte
Quand amico il Ciel non è.

"In passing along the path of life, unless we have the light of Heaven shed upon us, every bold spirit is seized with dismay, the heart fails and the feet falter. To accomplish some lofty object skill and judgment may lend their aid, but skill and judgment are but vain if Heaven be not our friend."

II.—THE REIGN OF JOINT-STOCK COMPANIES.

A large portion of the incomes from trades and

professions is now derived by means of joint-stock companies, for nearly all those gigantic undertakings which have been conceived and perfected with so much success, and which have exercised so powerful an influence in promoting the progress of the country, have been ushered into existence by means of large capital contributed by a number of shareholders with transferable shares. Time was when the foreign and colonial trade of the country was in a great measure monopolised by chartered companies, such as the Russian and the Levant, the East and West India Companies, the Hudson Bay and the African Companies. All such monopolies have long ago been abolished, yet the reign of joint-stock companies is as undisputed as ever. The roads of the country are practically in their hands. So is the supply of gas and water. Even ordinary business is gradually passing from the hands of private traders to those of joint-stock companies. In 1882 as many as 1,632 companies were registered in the United Kingdom, with a nominal capital of £254,000,000, and during the last twenty years, since the Act was passed which now governs them, as many as 19,000 joint-stock companies were formed, the greater portion with limited liability, having a total nominal capital of as much as £2,404,000,000. In many cases, indeed, the nominal capital was on paper only, and in many cases the existence of the companies was but short and inglorious, yet here we have a clear evidence of the enormous expansion of business and of the enormous resources which commerce and industry can command.

III.—INCOMES FROM PUBLIC MINES AND PUBLIC WORKS.

Of Great Britain it may be said that it is a land "whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass," for nature has been very bountiful to her in minerals and metals. Not so has it been with Ireland, for whilst British collieries yield annually some 150,000,000 tons of coal, Irish collieries yield only as many hundred thousand tons. Once upon a time Ireland was covered over two-thirds of its extent by coal-beds, but old Father Neptune swept the coal strata clean into his lap, and left a bare floor of limestone behind. In the present economy of industry, coal and iron are absolutely indispensable, and it would have been a great misfortune had the fears but recently entertained that the coal measure of England and Scotland might soon be exhausted been realised. Happily such fear was removed by the discovery that a very large quantity of coal, lying above the workable limit of 4,000 feet, is available for many years to come. The production of iron is likewise immense. With upwards of six hundred furnaces in blast, the yield is over 6,000,000 tons a year. Altogether, from coal and iron, tin and copper, from mines, ironworks, and quarries, a gross income is derived of upwards of £10,000,000 a year. But coal gives us gas, with an illuminating power of considerable brilliancy, and the gas companies have an aggregate income,

assessed to income-tax, for £4,000,000 a year. Recent returns relating to gas undertakings in the United Kingdom show in a striking manner the extent of the industry, and how completely has gas supplanted almost every other mode of illumination. In 1883 the capital paid up and borrowed for this industry was not less than £50,000,000; for this purpose seven million tons of coal were carbonised, whilst the quantity of gas sold amounted to sixty-six thousand million cubic feet, supplied to nearly two million consumers, and for the lighting of three hundred and sixty-one thousand public lamps. With the gas companies we may place the water companies, whose annual profits amount to over £3,000,000 a year; and to these we may add the income of canal companies, as well as the profits from fishing and shooting and other public enterprises, producing some four millions a year. The greatest public work of modern times, however, is doubtless the railway system, on which upwards of seven hundred millions of capital has been invested. Who can tell the benefits which have accrued from railways to commerce, to industry, to society, and to civilisation; and yet the investors themselves derive but small annual percentage on their capital! Though £30,000,000 a year is the income derived from railways, the net earnings in 1882 was only at the rate of 4·32 per cent. The ordinary capital, indeed, £283,000,000 in amount, fares but ill, a large proportion receiving nothing. It is only the guaranteed and the preferential capital, and especially the amount held in loans and debentures, which can be said to be fairly remunerated. Altogether the incomes from public works in the United Kingdom amount to upwards of £51,000,000 a year, and they strikingly demonstrate the wonderful co-operation between man and nature, and the variety of modes in which capital and labour can unite in the development of natural forces and natural products.

IV.—INCOMES FROM TRADES AND PROFESSIONS.

In many respects the public works, from which so much annual income is derived, must be considered as commercial adventures, governed by the same principles as those which affect any branch of trade, and it is for this reason probably that such income is now classified in the income-tax returns not under "Land and Houses" in Schedule A, but with "Trades and Professions" in Schedule D. Still more definitely commercial, however, are the incomes of commercial and banking companies, amounting to not less a sum than £23,000,000 a year. And then we have the incomes of large numbers of traders, manufacturers, shipowners, merchants of all kinds, brokers, and others, dealing singly or as firms, of most varying amounts, ranging probably from £150 to £100,000 a year, the aggregate of which is very considerable. The income-tax returns do not distinguish the amount respectively assessed to trades and professions, but I cannot be far wrong if I take their shares at three-fourths for trading incomes and one-fourth for professional

incomes of all kinds. There is one way certainly of arriving at this. According to the census of 1881 there are now in the United Kingdom about 50,000 clergymen, ministers, and priests; 29,000 barristers, advocates, and solicitors; and 28,000 physicians, surgeons, dentists, etc.; together 97,000, besides large numbers of surveyors, engineers, painters, sculptors, and other artists. We do not know the average incomes of the whole number, but we do know that the leaders of the respective professions are very few. Probably a couple of dozens of archbishops and bishops, a couple of dozens of barristers and solicitors, and a couple of dozens of physicians and surgeons are in the receipt of incomes, say of £5,000 to £10,000 a year, being the highest prizes attainable in divinity, law, and medicine. But after these the descent is rapid and enormous, large numbers deriving but little or nothing from their professions, all the more to be lamented since they require talents of superior order, a considerable expenditure for study, and a lengthened time of apprenticeship. It is said that Lord Abinger declared that no one ought to go to the Bar who does not possess an independent income of £300 a year. But the warning is not much heeded, seeing the large numbers called term after term, even though a strict examination is now instituted by the Inns of Court as a condition for passing. Assuming an average income for the whole number of £250 a year, the 107,000 professional men belonging to the Church, the law, and medicine, would have among them £27,000,000 a year. But to these we must add the profits of literature and other professions, bringing up the total to probably upwards of £40,000,000 a year. Altogether the gross amount of profits assessed to income-tax under the all-comprehensive Schedule D was, in 1881-2, £253,356,000, and it is certainly the most productive of all the other schedules to the public revenue. In 1848-9 one penny tax levied under this schedule produced £269,000 revenue. In 1858-9 one penny produced £401,000. In 1868-9 it produced £612,000, and in 1877-8 it produced £876,000. Whilst other sources of income have advanced at slow pace, this, the incomes from trades and professions, the staple source of income of the British people, has advanced at great strides.

V.—INCOMES FROM SALARIES AND PENSIONS.

There is just another source of income enjoyed largely by the middle and higher classes of society, in amounts of £150 and upwards, viz., the incomes from public offices and pensions, paid out of the public revenue, and the incomes from salaries of officers and *employés* of corporate bodies. In the Civil Service there are about a thousand persons filling the highest posts, as judges, magistrates, and principal officers, receiving an average income, among the whole number, of £1,300 a year. There are about fifteen hundred barristers, solicitors, clergymen, professors, and surgeons receiving on an average about £300 each; and about two hundred clerks

with a scale of salaries the minimum of which is £800 a year. In the Army and Navy there are but few receiving liberal incomes, the pay of the general staff giving but a small average. Doubtless the standard of the highest salaries in the Civil Service will always be governed by the incomes and earnings of men of the greatest talents in other professions, but the number required for the highest offices in the State is but small. And so it is as regards the salaries of clerks, actuaries, and other officers in banking and insurance companies, and in the commercial classes generally. Heads of departments and secretaries of well-established commercial companies are well remunerated, but the great body of clerks have salaries ranging from under £100 to £300 or £500 a year. The entire amount assessed to income-tax under Schedule E was £33,000,000, subject, of course, to abatements and exemptions.

VI.—TOTAL NUMBER OF INCOME-TAX PAYERS.

We have now before us the total income annually liable to income-tax in the United Kingdom, amounting in all to the large sum of £577,000,000, exclusive of all incomes under £150 per annum, and of all the earnings of the labouring classes. But I have not indicated how many persons actually share in that income, and in what proportion. We know the amount of income from land and houses, we know the amount of income from the public funds, and the income obtained by public companies, but we do not know the persons actually receiving the same. Some help, however, may be obtained for getting at this by studying the number of persons charged to income-tax, under Schedule D, for there is reason to believe that that number represents about a third of the total number of income-tax payers. Thus the total number of persons assessed in 1879-80 under this schedule, at £150 a year and upwards, was 353,043; multiply that number by three and we have in round numbers a total of 1,060,000. Classify this number according to amounts of income, as under Schedule D, and we find that about 86 per cent. had incomes ranging from £150 to £500; about 12½ per cent. had incomes ranging from £500 to £3,000, and only 1½ per cent. had incomes amounting to £3,000 and upwards.* During the last thirty years there has been a

* The following estimate of the gradation of incomes assessed to income-tax is based upon the number assessed to Schedule D in 1879-80 in proportion to the population of the United Kingdom:—

Income.	Number of persons estimated as income-tax payers per 1,000,000 inhabitants.	Per cent. of the whole number.	
<i>Middle Classes.</i>			
£150 to £200	14,400	40·83	
200 " 300	9,699	27·49	
300 " 400	4,398	12·46	
400 " 500	1,800	5·11	
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£150 to 500	30,257	85·89	

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greater increase in the number of persons assessed with incomes from £150 to £500 than in the number having higher incomes, so far indicative of a greater diffusion of wealth; but the fact remains that the number in possession of large incomes is exceedingly small. In truth, about one and a half of the whole population possess about 29 per cent. of the total income assessable to income-tax—or, in other words, about 15,000 persons have an aggregate income of some £167,000,000, giving an average of upwards of £11,000 each.

VII.—RELATIVE PROGRESS OF INCOMES IN ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

The progress of income assessed to income-tax is an insufficient guide to the increase of wealth, the limits of the incomes subject to income-tax having been changed from time to time, nor is the amount assessed respectively in England, Scotland, and Ireland a sufficient indication of their relative wealth, a large amount of property belonging to Scotland and Ireland being assessed in the metropolis. Nevertheless, a fair criterion may be formed of their progress if we compare the figures in the income-tax returns. The income-tax was imposed in 1843 by Sir Robert Peel, and in 1845 the amount assessed in England and Wales was £220,405,000, or £13 3s. per inhabitant; whilst Scotland was assessed at £23,832,000, or at the rate of £8 13s. per inhabitant. England therefore at that time

was nearly 55 per cent. richer than Scotland. Fifteen years after—or in 1860—the amount assessed in England was £282,313,000, or £14 3s. per head, and in Scotland £9 15s. per head. In other words, the increase was about 7½ per cent. in England and 12 per cent. in Scotland. The income-tax was extended to Ireland in 1852, and in 1860 the amount assessed there was £22,963,000, or at the rate of £3 19s. per head. Twenty years after how did these countries stand? In 1880 the amount assessed in England was £485,676,000, or £19 1s. per head, showing an increase of 34·6 per cent. The amount assessed in Scotland was £55,080,000, or £15 1s. per head, showing an increase of 54 per cent.; and Ireland, from which the cry of distress appears to have been almost incessant, had incomes assessed for £36,141,000, showing an increase of 71 per cent. Scotland and Ireland have thus made even more rapid progress than England, especially since 1860. One element, doubtless, contributed to the result so indicated—viz., that whilst the population of England and Scotland has increased considerably during this period, the population of Ireland has actually decreased. In Great Britain, with the increase of wealth there has been also a large increase of population. Whilst population increased 27 per cent., wealth increased 73 per cent. In Ireland, whilst population decreased 8 per cent., wealth, as indicated by the assessed incomes, increased 19 per cent.

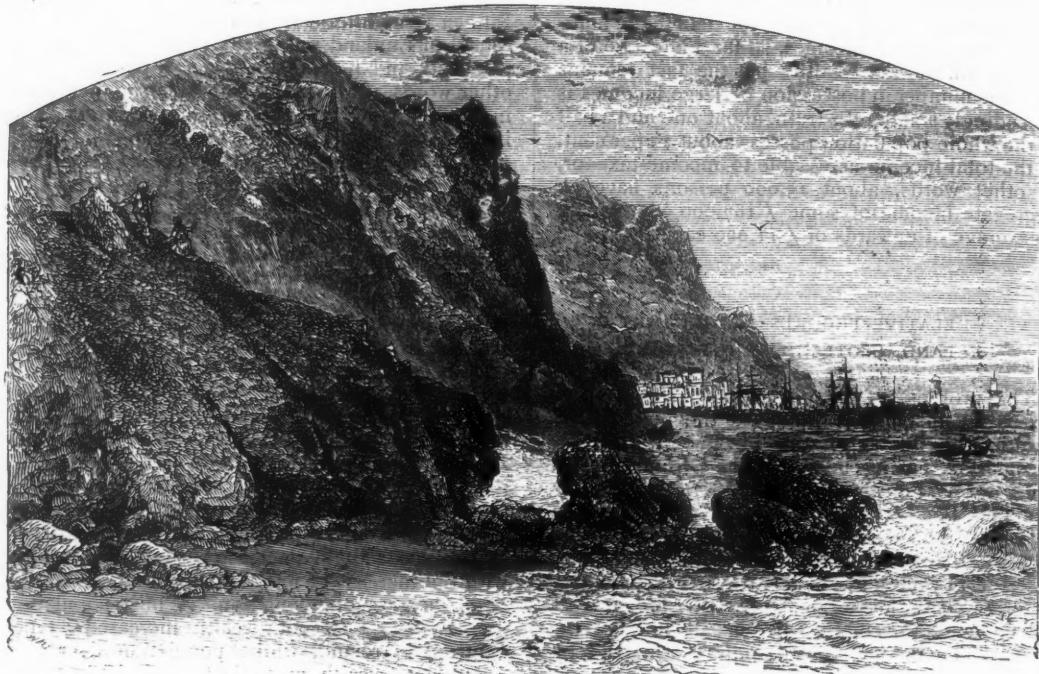
VIII.—SOURCES OF INEQUALITY IN THE ECONOMIC CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE.

The deeper we penetrate into the great social questions which are involved in the distribution of wealth the more it becomes apparent that there are enormous diversities in the economic and social conditions of the people; but it is Utopian to expect otherwise, or to labour for their complete removal, for there are many reasons for these inequalities. Custom, the institutions of society, favour and privileges, have all contributed their quota, though at bottom the difference mainly proceeds from the wide diversities in the intellectual and moral capacity of the people. So long as this exists no equal division of wealth can ever exist. With the endless variety of power and talents among men, and the ever-shifting circumstances of life, any other result is altogether impossible.

Higher Middle Classes.					
£500 to £600	.	.	1,236	.	3·50
600 , , 700	.	.	750	.	2·12
700 , , 800	.	.	450	.	1·27
800 , , 900	.	.	390	.	1·10
900 , , 1,000	.	.	159	.	0·45
1,000 , , 2,000	.	.	1,149	.	3·26
2,000 , , 3,000	.	.	345	.	0·98
£500 to £3,000			4,429		12·68

Higher Classes.					
£3,000 to £4,000	.	.	159	.	0·45
4,000 , , 5,000	.	.	84	.	0·24
5,000 , , 10,000	.	.	159	.	0·45
10,000 , , 50,000	.	.	90	.	0·27
50,000 and upwards	.	.	6	.	0·02
£3,000 and upwards			498		1·43
£150 and upwards			35,274		100·00





“Break, break, break.”

Words by LORD TENNYSON.

Music by C. A. MACIRONE.

M. $\text{♩} = 74.$

VOICE.

PIANO.

Allegro con spirito.

$\text{♩} = 74.$

F

Break, break,

p

p

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is for the Voice, starting with a rest. The bottom staff is for the Piano, also starting with a rest. Both staves begin with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps, and a common time signature. The tempo is marked as $\text{♩} = 74$. The piano part includes dynamic markings such as $>$, F , and p . The vocal part has a single note with a dynamic marking of p . The lyrics “Break, break,” are written below the vocal line.

A musical score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Bass) and piano. The music is in common time, key signature of A major (two sharps). The vocal parts are in soprano, alto, and bass clef. The piano part is in bass clef. The score consists of four systems of music, each with lyrics.

System 1: *break at the foot of thy crags, O sea, And I* (f)

System 2: *would that my tongue could ut - ter the thoughts that a - rise in me. O*

System 3: *well, O well, O well for the fish - er - man's boy That he* (cres.)

System 4: *shouts with his sis - ter at play. O well, O* (f)

"BREAK, BREAK, BREAK."

A musical score for voice and piano. The music is in common time, key of G major (two sharps). The vocal line is in soprano C-clef, and the piano accompaniment is in bass F-clef. The score consists of four systems of music, each with two staves. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal line.

well for the sai - lor lad That he sings in his
boat on the bay, And the state - ly ships go round . . .
To their ha - - - ven un - der the hill. But,
oh, for the touch of a va - nished hand, And the tones of a

Dynamic markings include *f*, *pp*, *cres.*, *rall.*, and *Colla*.

Tempo.

Musical score for the first system of "Break, Break, Break." The vocal line starts with "voice that is still." The piano accompaniment features a bass line with sustained notes and chords. The vocal part continues with "Break, break, break on thy". The piano part includes dynamic markings like *p* and *pp*.

Musical score for the second system of "Break, Break, Break." The vocal line continues with "cold gray crags, O sea," followed by "But the ten - der grace of a day that is dead Will". The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with sustained notes and chords.

Musical score for the third system of "Break, Break, Break." The vocal line concludes with "ne - ver re - turn to me." The piano accompaniment consists of a bass line and chords.

Musical score for the fourth system of "Break, Break, Break." The vocal line begins with "cold grey crags, O sea." The piano accompaniment features a bass line and chords, with a dynamic marking *dim.* appearing at the end.

"BREAK, BREAK, BREAK."

p

day that is dead Will ne - ver re - turn to me, Will ne - ver re - turn to
acce - le - ran - do.

f

me, Will ne - - - ver re - turn re turn to
f *dim.*

me, Ne - - - ver re turn . . .

rall.

nev er re turn to me . . .

p

cres.

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THE GOVERNESS IN FICTION.

A GREAT many of the heroines of romance are governesses. Without them the novelist would be at a loss how to fill some important "situations." They are worth so much to him that he ought to pay a generous percentage on his profits to some institution for the support of ladies who have become unfitted for "situations" in real life. The governess-heroine is made "generally useful," and, in fact, performs as great a variety of duties as ever was specified in any advertisement. There is the intriguing adventuress, who ensnares hopeful sons by her surpassing beauty and witchery. There is the accomplished *diplomée* of flirtation, who, if she cannot carry off a grand matrimonial prize for her various "exhibitions," has at least the triumph of bringing most men to her feet for an evening, arousing the jealousy of wives and the indignation of mothers. Then there is the deceitful creature, who brings up artless pupils in the way that they should *not* go. In Wilkie Collins's "Armadale," we have Miss Gwilt, the mysterious criminal enchantress, utterly destitute of principle, and using her profession only for evil purposes; while in Miss Braddon's "Aurora Floyd" we see the "ensign's fair-haired widow" playing the part of a mischievous spy over her former charge, and so bringing out the plot most usefully.

These authors may or may not have had any personal feeling towards the profession. I fancy they have not injured it so much as some other writers who have enlisted the reader's sympathy on the side of their governess-heroines. These ladies are usually persecuted innocents, wonderfully meek and submissive. In such creations we can often trace a philanthropic design on the part of the author. He seems to deserve our grateful appreciation, and yet we cannot accord it. In fact we are more ashamed of these representations than of the former, for they are supposed to be specially characteristic and true to life. Suppose one of such tales to be read aloud in a family where there is a resident governess. How very awkward it is for her! For every one case in which it might do good there are probably ten in which it does harm. The parents have a self-satisfied feeling that they do not act in such a way, and they conclude that Miss So-and-so ought to be very thankful, and to value her privileges more. Supposing the parents to be above such thoughts, we cannot expect the children to be so. They stare and whisper. Perhaps a pert one will afterwards say to her teacher, "How would you like mamma to treat you in that way? She is always very kind to you. Maybe other people won't be so." The children or young persons may have pitied the poor heroine very much, and been indignant at her wrongs, but still their teacher is lowered in their sight. They see her position from a humiliating point of view. It may be a strange one to them, and so they regard it as quite a discovery. It influences them—per-

haps unconsciously—more than all the good precepts given to them about the respect due to their governess as a lady engaged in a high vocation.

Our chief complaint against the friendly writers in question is that they themselves seem to regard the profession from a wrong standpoint. Their lines of defence betray this, and the heroines are always made to be painfully sensitive about their assumed degradations and disadvantages. We see this in the characters drawn by Charlotte Brontë—and no wonder, when she set out in life with that idea about herself. We see it also even in Dickens's dear little Ruth in "Martin Chuzzlewit," and to a far greater extent in the creations of many other writers. Any lady who enters upon her duties with shame and self-abasement will be likely to have a bad experience, or to imagine that she has, unless her circumstances are exceptionally fortunate. Why should the words "a dependent" be used respecting a governess more than any lady or gentleman who earns a livelihood? All are dependents in one sense or another, either on private employers, the public, or circumstances. In fact, some idle women are the most dependent of all, for if death or loss of fortune should come to those who support them they are cast helpless on that hardest of props—charity. It is necessary that many governesses should reside with their pupils, but that does not give their employers the right to be called their "masters" and "mistresses." Many parents would be ashamed to have such a term applied to them. However, it is a frequent one in books. Considered in its proper sense, it is as unsuitable as offensive, for the term applies only to those who teach others some occupation or branch of knowledge, or at least direct and overrule them in it. Now a governess cannot teach or train her pupils simply under the direction of their parents. She has her own system, her own opinions. Before entering a family, it should be understood that the heads of it approve of these. If there is any mistake, let them part. In minor points a governess will often yield to the wishes of parents; she may even do some things under protest, or she may withdraw and leave others to act as they think best. Of course, there are many things between parents and children in which the governess is not called upon to take any part, whether she approves or not. Her responsibility lies within certain limits. The parents have their rights and responsibilities. They should not give up the former; they cannot give up the latter. But no teacher who is fit to be such will act under command in her own province. This should be as clearly defined as possible. It is by stepping beyond it, or being expected to step beyond it, that many disagreements take place. The teacher, if she be really competent, usually knows best what, how, and when to teach. Books, method, and hours should then be of her choosing. She may some-

times be more skilled in discerning the powers and characters of the children than their parents are; she is not led away by hope or partiality, and, if experienced, she has dealt with many different kinds of children. She will not overload the brain of a pupil to gratify any one's ambition, nor to add to her own credit; nor will she lessen the work of a clever idler.

A lady had two pupils beginning music. Neither of them showed special taste for it. The mother wished them to be able to play pretty pieces in the drawing-room as soon as possible, and believed that this would best encourage them to persevere. The governess did not expect that they could *excel* under any system, and she humoured the mother respecting one of them—a boy. After a while, this one was able to show off his operatic *morceaux*, while the girl could play little more than scales and exercises. Reflections were made both on her and her teacher. The time for practice was not sufficient to allow of a great variety of music being learned, but it was the same for both. The girl was the younger, and had apparently less ear. Some years passed. The boy was "stuck." He could not get beyond simple pieces. His fingers were stiff, he read badly, and now he was unwilling to *work*, or to learn anything not "taking." The girl, having been put through a systematic course of exercises and classical pieces, developed into a fluent and tasteful player, with an ear that, if not acute, was able to appreciate the highest works of art. Then she found it *easy* to take up drawing-room pieces and dance music, and of her own accord she made more time for practice. The mother was surprised and gratified, but she gave up all hope that her son would care to keep on at music when pressure was removed. I do not know if she quite understands the reason of the difference between these two pupils.

On the other hand, it must be remembered that many essay the duties of governess who are poorly equipped for them, and who might wisely profit by the suggestions of a cultivated father or mother.

As regards the receiving of salary, our friendly story-writers are very sympathetic with the sufferings of poor governesses, thereby implying that there is something disgraceful in ladies being paid for their work. In the present advancing age, when so many employments are being opened to educated women, and work is becoming more and more honourable, this absurd idea has really grown so old-fashioned that it is not worthy of notice, and it is better for future writers not to rake it up. Why try to make any person imagine that it is more ladylike to give services gratis than to take a fair price for them, as non-resident teachers always do, unless acting for charity? Why should any respectable family consent to receive such charity? for what else does it amount to when given by strangers, unless indeed the services are not worth more than the teacher's board and lodging? But that is a matter seldom understood on either side. Many governesses ask no salary under the impression that they will thereby secure more comfortable homes and more leisure time. This is a mistake, as they soon find

out to their cost, unless perhaps where there has been an engagement explicit as a marriage settlement. In general, those who work for nothing are the greatest slaves and are held in the least honour. This sometimes happens with ladies who, rather than go amongst strangers in any capacity, reside with relations, teaching the children and making themselves generally useful and agreeable. They may have a few worthless or nominal privileges, but they are overtaken beyond what few paid teachers would submit to, and all the while they are perhaps supposed to receive a favour. I know a lady who, weary of such servitude and thanklessness, broke through all false, old-world pride, took a salaried situation, though only as nursery governess, and found herself much better off. A reasonable amount of leisure and as comfortable a home as family circumstances will allow of, are a *right*, and should be regarded as a matter of course, never as an extra to stand in place of payment. In fact, most families—and they are many—who give them do so irrespective of salary. There are unpleasant, topsy-turvy households in which no teacher could be comfortable or have time, let the specified duties be ever so light, and there are nice, well-ordered ones, in which any teacher might get along smoothly. I suspect the former are the most fair-spoken and oftenest catch the women who advertise "no salary."

Position is, however, the strong point of our advocates. Now, I do not think that at present this is a crying grievance. I have never had anything to complain of on that point, and I speak from a varied experience of more than twelve years. I know many governesses, too, who, though they have had trials of this kind, have been more frequently without them. Children struggling against authority will, on purpose to annoy, make rude speeches not prompted by anything they have heard, except, maybe, from our sympathetic friends in books or in life, but these have no weight, and can soon be silenced by a judicious person. It is certain that on the Continent—in Russia, Sweden, Denmark—governesses hold an excellent position. In Ireland, too, their standing is good, especially amongst the professional and mercantile families. England may be rather behindhand in this matter. County society, both in England and Ireland, is apt to be stiff and exclusive, looking more to birth and possessions than to intellectual worth, so that many ladies besides governesses are neglected. But some of us unjustly suppose that being professional is the sole cause of our not being invited here and there. In all society, unmarried women who have not houses of their own are at a disadvantage. If they have youth, beauty, influence of manner, or accomplishments that charm the ear, society will be more partial to them. It only wants what can be of advantage to it in some way or other. This is worldly and selfish, but is a general truth, and is unfairly mixed up with the governess question.

Our friends and many of ourselves have unreasonable expectations, and it may be better for us that they are not realised in these countries, where company-going is such a heavy affair and involves such late hours. Why should our young gover-

nesses desire to spend their health and energies in ballrooms and their salaries on ball-dresses? How are they to teach next day? How irritable and *irritating* they would be! Dissipation alone wears out many girls, but united with a kind of work that tries the nerves and tempers of the most healthy it would put hundreds in their graves at an early age, or send them as penniless invalids to hospitals and institutions, or to a far worse state of wretchedness. I know of an English lady, accustomed to Continental situations, who when she came to Ireland was offended at not being asked to all the county balls with her eldest pupil, though she had opportunities of seeing a good deal of society in another way. Attractive girls who reside in cities can usually get quite enough party-going if they care for it, and in very nice circles too. Why expect to find a place in more aristocratic assemblies, unless as *artistes* they are invited by their own titled employers in order to play or sing, as any professional musician might be? Our governesses are mostly ladies of the upper middle class, brought up in comfort and refinement rather than in grandeur. That is best. It is unfortunate when they reach womanhood without knowing that they are likely to have to work for themselves. A small number come from a higher grade, or at least have been reared in luxury and with ambitious hopes. To these the fair and natural position of a governess is a great come-down, and they cannot help feeling it. This may make some of them bitter and unreasonable, while others, scorning what they call condescension, and unwilling to play a secondary part, take refuge in a freezing reserve, and so often bring unjust reflections on their employers. All changes for the worse are hard to bear. The old fathers, who once had their own lands or their wealthy mercantile houses, sigh more heavily as they try to begin life anew, working under others. Supposing these to be dead, there may be members of the family more to be pitied than those who have been able to secure places as governesses. Other teachers, on the contrary, come from a low station. If they are women of cultivated minds and manners—and such alone are fit for this calling—all honour to them. But some are well-informed rather than educated. They have not got beyond their books. They know these more glibly than many other teachers, but they have no ideas of their own. They are mere machines. The knowledge has not assimilated with their natures. They are innate vulgarians; their varnish is detected, and what wonder if they are snubbed. They are beneath their position, yet they are the most ready to push themselves beyond it.

Of course, all governesses who are eager to form alliances above what their original station would entitle them to will be kept out of the way as much as possible, no matter what their personal merits may be. Right or wrong, this is a society instinct. In a friendly story the heroine is always fitted to adorn a palace, and it is only jealousy that keeps her out of it. These fictitious governesses, be they of the angelic type or otherwise, may be true to life and may be met with about as frequently as other heroines.

It is a trite saying that every position has its drawbacks, yet we do not consider it enough when suffering in any way. The lot of a governess must have a kind of loneliness and uncertainty attached to it. Those who make many changes, and consequently few friends, feel this most, and as youth passes away become very restless, and are subject to morbid fancies. Yet this is more the case with other women who have no special occupation, and who outlive old family ties without forming new ones. They have not the healthy influences of youth around them, calling out their sympathies. Those who leave the profession while young to enter homes of their own generally carry off a good impression of it, but even many of those who follow it till old age are as happy and contented as they are useful and beloved. They are Christian women of sound common-sense, and have good resources in themselves. They remain long in families, and almost forget, as others do also, that the tie is not one of kindred. Their sharpest pains are caused by the separations that must take place sometimes, but the pupils that grow up and go out from them are their dearest friends, and are ever ready to welcome them in holiday seasons.

All these remarks refer to governesses proper, not to the tribe who advertise also as housekeepers, dressmakers, and even children's maids. These must expect a doubtful position and many annoyances. Some of them are wonderfully well received, and I suppose the reason is that they are ladies, but of insufficient education to stand alone even as preparatory teachers. They have not been trained to do any one thing well enough to live by it, and so they put an amateur smattering of several arts together, by quantity wishing to atone for quality. Press of circumstances is their excuse, but others do it who are well qualified to teach junior pupils, and who would find sufficient occupation in that sphere. They thoughtlessly follow a bad example, and so keep up a demand that should never have been created. Here is indeed a crying evil, and not decreasing I fear, in spite of the new efforts made to provide a superior class of teachers. The union of maid and governess seems to me the worst, yet it is the most general, because "so convenient." One is puzzled to know how the individual expects to be treated. Such a one came with her pupils to the house of a friend of mine. After a few minutes spent in the garden, we hesitated as to whether we should send her to the kitchen or take her to the drawing-room. Her appearance and manners were servant-like, but knowing that she taught French and music, we decided on the latter course. I believe she was a valuable nurse. Now I would have kept her in that capacity, and engaged a visiting governess.

The genuine lady teacher should not be stiff and unaccommodating. In cases of illness, the absence of mothers, and other emergencies, she ought to do her best for the general welfare of the family, and to perform many duties non-officially, as any friend living in the house might do. It is a pity that some people presume on this occa-

sional help, and look for such work as a matter of course.

This mixture of occupations is partly the cause of another real evil, bringing much trouble and unfair discredit on earnest teachers, especially when they come after those nondescript women with whom instruction is such a secondary matter that they have no system in it. I allude to interrupted and irregular school hours, want of parental interest in anything but showy results, and long periods of idleness between the going and coming of teachers. It is not long hours of idiot-making application that we want, but quiet regular work, with heart and life in it, leaving plenty of time for recreation too. I fear this will

not be attained until compulsory education and good practical examinations extend to all classes.

Story-writers may not find these grievances so interesting or so valuable for sensational effect as the less frequent and often unreal ones with which they deal, creating a kind of pity which we do not want; but matter-of-fact writers, and all sensible, influential people who wish well to both governesses and pupils, should do their utmost to root them out.*

* It should be noted that this article assumes the governess to be properly qualified. It is much to be regretted that so large a number undertake the duties of so responsible a position simply under stress of circumstances. Besides, much more is wanted than efficiency in the merely technical routine of tuition.—ED. L. H.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

A CAT AND DOG LIFE.

IN our early days a riddle was propounded to us, which so exactly illustrated a marked feature which frequently came within the narrow range of our limited personal observations on natural history, that it appeared to us the very embodiment of caustic wit.

The question proposed was, "What is the difference between a schoolmaster and a schoolboy?" And the solution, "The one is a canine (caning), and the other a feline (feeling) animal,"—a definition only too grievously suggestive of natural antipathies.

I suppose there are few cat-loving hearts which have not occasionally had good cause to mourn the never-ending enmity subsisting between their soft furry friends and the aggressive dogs of their neighbours. Indeed so rare is a well-authenticated instance in which a "cat and dog life" has proved one of peace and mutual comfort, that such an one is well worthy of record.

There are, of course, many carefully-trained cats and dogs who live peacefully together in "happy families," in company with mice and guinea-pigs, rats and weasels, and other creatures, naturally antagonistic. But these merely exemplify the possible triumphs of education and discipline, and are no proof of a natural inclination to friendliness.

I have therefore been much interested by a very touching episode in the later days of one of the most notorious cat-killers in Yorkshire. His name was Spot. He was a fox-terrier, old and battered, bearing traces of many a hard-fought battle. He had even lost an eye, but that was not due to feline rage, but to a blow from a stick carelessly thrown at him. Spot and his master continued for many years to be sworn allies, till one sad day an official appointment to India necessitated the departure of the master, and it was decreed that poor old Spot must stay in England. He was transferred to a home in Lancashire, where, strange to say, he consoled himself by making friends with the landlady's cat. Thenceforward this strangely-assorted couple delighted in one another's company, and

every night they slept curled up side by side on the kitchen hearth.

But, alas! a cruel fate awaited poor Spot. In the course of a morning walk he had occasion to cross a railroad. No longer so keenly observant as in his younger days, he failed to note an engine approaching on his blind side, and in another moment the poor old dog lay dead. His mangled remains were placed in a wooden case and carried to his home, where the case was laid in the outer court and there left for the night.

Next morning the landlady on coming down to her kitchen missed her cat, who for years had never failed to sleep comfortably on the warm hearth. Somewhat anxious as to her fate, she went out in search of her, and there, extended on the box which acted as coffin for poor Spot, lay the faithful cat, looking the picture of woe. Some instinct had revealed to her that therein lay her missing companion, and all through the long cold night the affectionate creature had kept watch, the solitary mourner for the old dog which, in the course of its life, had perhaps slain more cats than any dog on record.

Spot was buried with all due honour, but she who, on that sad morning, was bereft of her companion, still continues inconsolable.

C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

A PET TOUCAN.

We had a strange tame pet at Burmah, a toucan, accustomed to follow us about the house and grounds. When we were ordered to Hurry-hur, our pets accompanied us to that station. Madame Toucan comported herself well on board ship, and looked very knowing, as though aware that she had to conform to the strict requirements usual in a sailing vessel.

Arrived at our station, close by our new abode stood a magnificent banyan-tree, affording shade and shelter, and on one of its branches our peculiar favourite always went to roost at sunset, and made herself comfortable there for the night.

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One morning we noticed that she did not repair to her accustomed haunt, and would not obey our parting salutation, "Good night, go away!"—the unwieldy bird did not stir; she did not move towards the tree. "Be off!" said my friend, angry at her supposed imbecility, and thereupon taking her bulky form up in his arms he flung her with great force into the banyan-tree. Some minutes afterwards we heard a piercing shriek; the poor bird soon fell dead upon the ground. With clearer intelligence and a keen instinct of lurking

danger, she had observed what we had not discerned, a venomous snake coiled up in her sleeping-place, which, disturbed and alarmed by her sudden plunge into the tree, where he had taken refuge, had attacked and killed her. Alas! our poor toucan; we mourned her untimely fate, brought on by our own blind impetuosity. We missed her grotesque form, her queer ways, her amusing awkwardness, and above all her attachment to us. We never replaced the poor toucan.

K.

INDIAN FABLES.

COLLECTED FROM ORIGINAL SOURCES BY P. V. RAMASWAMI RAJU, B.A.

THE BIRDS AND THE LIME.

A FOWLER in the East once went to a wood, scattered some grain on the ground, spread a net over it with some lime in it, and was watching from a distance to see what luck would attend his efforts. A great many birds assembled on the trees around the net and said, "What fine corn that is! We can seldom hope to get anything like it." An owl that was close by said, "How nice that white thing in the net is!" "What is it?" said the birds. "Why, it is our best friend in the world; it is lime. When it holds us in its embrace we can never hope to get away." The birds left the place at once. The fowler said, "A clever bird knows the lime."

THE WEALTHY MAN AND THE STRING.

A wealthy man in the East had no knowledge of music; yet he pretended to know a great deal of it. So, whenever a famous singer came to him, he would tie one end of a string to his coat-tail and give the other end to his wife, who understood music well, and who generally sat behind a screen according to the custom of ladies in the East. The understanding was that whenever there was anything in the singing that was specially praiseworthy, the wife should pull that the man might nod his approbation of it. Once a great singer was displaying his skill, and suddenly the string snapped; the man cried, "Wait a bit, good singer; the string hath snapped!" The whole audience was amazed, and in the end, knowing what he really meant, exclaimed, "A parrot and a fool can do nothing without prompting!"

THE SWORD, THE RAZOR, AND THE STRAP.

A razor once said to a sword, "How is it men always speak of you with respect, while they hardly make any mention of me?" "Because," said the sword, "you skim over the surface, while I go deeper." "Just so," said the razor, "and thereby do them more harm than ever I can." "You are quite right," said the strap, who was of course an ally of the razor; "men always call them great that do them the greatest amount of harm. The more the evil the more the glory!"

THE WELL-BRED AND THE ILL-BRED.

A man once stood up at a market-place in the East and said, "I have been ordered by the king to collect all the well-born and well-bred and bring them before him, because he wishes to reward them." Everybody that heard him joined him and he went towards the palace surrounded by the whole town. Then he suddenly turned round and said: "The king has just sent me word that he means to help only those that have been ill-born and ill-bred to make up for their misfortunes." The crowd lingered behind for a while, and then one after another joined the man as ill-born and ill-bred to merit the king's gifts. The man said, "The world goes as the wind blows!"

THE DRUM AND THE SOLDIERS.

A detachment of soldiers was marching through a wood to avoid meeting a larger detachment of the enemy in the neighbourhood. The drummer kept beating his drum, though not loud. The sound, however, attracted the attention of the enemy, and they surrounded the party. The captain bade the drummer beat with all his energy to inspire his men with courage. So he did. They fought like lions and won the day. The captain said, "Good and evil often flow from the same source."

THE OWLS AND THE CROWS.

The owls, which can't see during the day, and the crows, which can't see during the night, were foes. So the owls said to the crows, "We don't want the sun as you do; we can do without him; we can see in the dark." The crows said, "We don't believe you see in the dark; because those who can't see in the day can much less see in the night." They became friends. Then the owls said to the crows, "You don't see in the night because you are a part of it; else how could you be so black!" The crows returned the compliment, saying, "You don't see during the day because your eyes are a part of the sun; else how could they be so brilliant and round!" Then they said together, "As we love or hate, we think of each estate!"

Varieties.

Russian Horses.

Siberian post-horses are sorry objects to look at, but splendid creatures to go. A curry-comb probably never touches their coats, but, under the combined influence of coaxing, scolding, screaming, and whip, they attain a pace which in England would be adjudged as nothing short of "furious driving." They are smaller than English horses, but are much harder, and are driven two, three, four, or even five or more, abreast. The Russian harness is a complicated affair, the most noticeable feature being the *douga*, or arched bow, over the horse's neck. To the foreigner this looks a needless incumbrance, but the Russian declares that it holds the whole concern together. The rods are fastened to the ends of the bow, and the horse's collar in turn to the shafts, so that the collar remains a fixture, against which the horse is obliged to push. The shafts are supported by a saddle and pad on the back, and do not touch the horse's body. The centre horse only is in rods; those on either side, how many soever they be, are called a "pair," and are merely attached by ropes. Two hundred versts in a day and night, for summer travelling, is considered good, but given a Russian merchant bound for a fair, where his early arrival will give him command of the market, and then a "tip" of, say, a rouble a stage will, in winter, get him over 300 versts, or 200 miles a day. It is common to hear Siberians boast of quick journeys made thus, but they are usually attained at cruel cost to the horses. The reader may judge what speed can be made from a story told us at Tiumen of a governor-general of Eastern Siberia, whom the late emperor, some twelve winters ago, required on an emergency at St. Petersburg, a distance from Irkutsk of 3,700 miles. The general was put in a bear's skin, wrapped up like a bundle, placed in a sledge, and in eleven days was brought to the capital. Several horses dropped dead on the way, an ear was cut from each as a voucher, and the journey continued.—From "Through Siberia," by the Rev. Henry Lansdell.

White Cannibals.

Leaving Aneiteum for Samoa (in 1862) in the first John Williams, we noticed a strange-looking fellow at the wheel. Somewhat below the middle height, he excited the wonder of all by the tattooing on his arms, neck, and part of his face. The cold, feline expression of his eyes, as if ever on the watch, was anything but agreeable. He proved to be John Jackson, of Ardleigh, in Sussex, whose earlier experiences form an appendix of tragic interest to Admiral Erskine's "Cruise among the Islands of the Western Pacific." On the third day after leaving port, Jackson was reported to the captain as sick, and I was requested to ascertain whether this was really the case. A few minutes' conversation sufficed to prove that he was hiding away merely to avoid the jibes and scorn of his fellow-sailors, especially of one—a noble specimen of the British tar—who had known him on board the *Havannah*.

With much pride, Jackson took out of his chest and placed in my hands a beautifully-bound copy of "The Cruise of the *Havannah*," for which he had paid a guinea, and requested me to read the story of his earlier adventures. Of his later experiences in New Caledonia, etc., he gave many curious details. He was not ashamed to avow that he had lived nude, exactly like the surrounding heathen, and removed part of his clothes to show the curious tattooing on his person. He had taken part in their wars, had formed ephemeral matrimonial connections wherever he had settled, and had freely partaken of their horrid banquets. It was the knowledge of this amongst the sailors that originated the scorn under which he writhed.

When at New Caledonia Jackson was concerned in the

capture of two or three whalers, in which he acted the part of a decoy-bird. Several sentinels were dispatched by him, so that the French authorities rightly resolved to put an end to the career of our tattooed hero (?), who found it advisable to make his way by night in an open boat to Aneiteum—a perilous voyage. Even there he deemed his life unsafe. The John Williams touching there, he begged to be permitted to work his way to Samoa as a "distressed British seaman."

In consequence of head-winds, three weeks elapsed ere we reached Apia. After reporting himself sick, Jackson never appeared on deck even for a few minutes by daylight. When anchor was cast at Apia he went ashore by stealth after dark. We all felt it to be a good riddance. At Apia, being hard up, he engaged to do some work for the French priests, but a friend giving him a hint that a French war-steamer was daily expected from New Caledonia, Jackson threw up the job, crossed the channel to Savaii in a small canoe, and disappeared in the almost inaccessible mountains of that magnificent island. A month afterwards, on my return from the Tokelau group, the fugitive had not come out of his hiding-place, but no one doubted that he would again turn up. Let us charitably hope that in the silence of the primeval forest the words he heard on board the mission bark were remembered to profit.

Jackson is not to be confounded with "Cannibal Charley," who in 1845 presented himself at Lifu on board the John Williams with only a girdle for clothing, and was completely tattooed. It was not until this fierce enemy of Christianity left the island that the teachers were able to make any progress in their work. "Cannibal Charley" was an Englishman, the son of highly respectable parents. He considered that "the course of life he was leading was as good as any other." His end is not known.

WILLIAM WYATT GILL, B.A.

Rarotonga, South Pacific.

Social Life in Pompeii.

No preacher or moralist ever gave a more lifelike idea of the vice and folly of ancient Italian society than we find in the following sentences from Mr. Sala's account of his recent visit to Pompeii ("Travels in Search of Sunshine," in "Daily Telegraph"). It is a true commentary on the early part of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, whose life might be described as "earthly, sensual, devilish." "The Pompeian shop signs," says Mr. Sala, "are at least honest, and tell you something to the point—the point of understanding the ways and manners of this people; in many respects a sufficiently immoral one. Judge the nobility, gentry, and *bourgeoisie* of Pompeii—of their poor we know, as I have said, nothing—from the pictured and sculptured evidences which they have left us of their daily life, and they appear to have been a community literally wallowing in sensuality. The horrible inscriptions on the ivory pass checks which their wives and daughters had to take as they entered or left the theatres; the abominable paintings on the walls of the tenements which modern lady visitors are not allowed to see; the shameful emblems flaunting in the light of day in the streets—all seem to denote a condition of society altogether depraved, corrupt, and rotten—of patricians and plebeians equally given up to animalism. The baths, the theatres, the exchange, the temples, the basilica, the banqueting-halls, the wine-shops, the gambling dens, the gladiators' haunts, and worse; was there much more than this in the life of a Pompeian gentleman in the year of grace 79? And yet the patient palæographers in the Naples Museum laboriously unrolling, deciphering, and translating the papyri found in the buried city—papyri that has been so blackened by the action of heat that they were at first mistaken for sticks of charcoal and destroyed by the hundred by the ignorant finders—have made legible to modern eyes two books of a 'Treatise on Music'

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by Epicurus, essays on Music, on Vice and Virtue, and on Rhetoric. There were, then, at least some few people in Pompeii who thought decently and lived cleanly lives. How many? That, among the mysteries of Pompeii, has not yet been revealed. Perhaps the homilists on Vice and Virtue preferentially devoted themselves to the composition of edifying works in the days immediately preceding an earthquake or an eruption. For the merriest and most thoughtless among us must needs listen to the preacher sometimes, and the Pompeians had their pulpit in Vesuvius yonder. Sermons were not frequent, but they were terrible. Penitential psalms of pumice, collects enforced by red-hot scoriae, litanies of boiling lava, and a Communion Service of sulphur and steam; reminders such as these that there are Days of Wrath for those who live the life of devils upon earth may now and again have made the Pompeians a little serious, and incited the Syrian philosopher, Philodemus, who visited Rome and Pompeii in the time of grace, to draw up some neat little tracts for the improvement of a population who otherwise seem to have cultivated every vice with an amount of success rarely attained in modern times by any civilised city, lovely and rascally Naples only excepted.—*G. A. Sala.*

Reaching the Masses.—A gentleman had taken part in some efforts for the moral and religious welfare of working men, which were described as endeavours to "reach the masses" when a horny-handed son of toil rose to thank him for the interest he took "in us poor fellows," but added, "We should like it better if you didn't call us such hard names." "What names?" he asked; "I would never use hard names." "But you do," answered the workman, "you speak of reaching them asses!" Explanation soothed his ruffled spirit, and raised a hearty laugh.

Professor Huxley on the East of London.—At the Mansion House meeting for promoting the establishment of the Beaumont Institution, Professor Huxley indicated his own experiences as a medical man practising amongst the poor of a waterside parish in the East-end forty years ago. He then became familiar with their lives in a way that only the clergyman and the doctor could know, and recent statements, he said, as to their condition contained nothing specially novel to him. He had found that the great majority of complainants were simply undergoing slow starvation, mitigated by the bread and the stuff to which they gave the name of tea. And over and above the physical misery the impression had never died out of his mind of the supernatural and perfectly astonishing deadness and dulness of the existence of these poor people. Over that parish Dante's inscription might have been placed, "Leave hope behind all those who enter here." There was no amusement to diversify the dull round of life except the public-house; there was nothing to remind the people of anything in the whole universe beyond their miserable toil, rewarded by slow starvation; nothing by which the man of genius could have obtained the most rudimentary of educational advantages to raise himself from the position of a drudge. Leaving that scene, on a voyage round the world, he had had opportunities of seeing savages of all kinds living in every conceivable condition of degradation; but in all his experience he found nothing worse, nothing more degraded, nothing more helpless, nothing so intolerably dull and miserable as the life which he had left behind in the East-end of London. Although the savage had to alternate between fulness and hunger, with uncertainty of existence, yet, at any rate, there was life in it, and he was not a mere machine for producing so much mechanical energy at the expense of so much bad food put into it. If the alternative were presented to him of entering upon the life of the East-end and that of the savage, he would distinctly choose that of the savage. Nothing would please him better—even the discovery of a new truth—than to contribute towards the bettering of that state of things, which, unless wise and benevolent men took it in hand, would tend to become worse, and create something worse than savagery—a great Serbonian bog which in the long run would swallow up the surface crust of civilisation. The movement under discussion was a wise one, and he believed it would prosper till by dint of alleviating the condition of the individual—which was the only way in which society could be permanently improved—it would become far more practical and

important in its effects than any of these great schemes for simply providing better drainage, better lodgment, and all the rest of it which had been recently so fully paraded. A nobleman with whom he had stayed in Scotland put up a row of pretty cottages with a view to remedy the abominable state in which some of his tenants were living, but the only result was that they lived in one room and let the rest. Such was the effect of mechanically trying to improve the condition of the people from outside. Improvement should come from the inside. Cultivate their intelligence and sense of dignity, give them higher aspirations than those which could be gratified by their common vices, and they would improve the houses of their own accord. It was for this reason that he gave his warmest sympathy to the work in hand.

Capital for Building Workmen's Dwellings.—Mr. W. M. Torrens pleads for the advance of the funds accumulating in the Post-office Savings Banks to help building homes for the working classes. "The balance of deposits over payments-out in the course of the twelve months has year by year been growing greater. In 1882 the surplus left in the Post Office of lodgments over drafts was upwards of £2,000,000 sterling; and the accumulation of annual excesses in the course of twenty years reaches the prodigious sum of £39,000,000. Hitherto this splendid proof of the industry and thrift of the people has only helped to enable the Exchequer Loan Commissioners to facilitate the financial operations of the Treasury by the purchase of stock or Exchequer bills in order to reduce the National Debt, or to make advances for harbours or railways or land improvements at 4 or 5 per cent. I am not questioning the utility of these transactions in a national point of view, but I venture to plead that the working classes have a preferential claim to the benefit this fund may be made to confer, and I ask that, for the redemption of their kith and kin from undeserved privation, detriment, and misery, a portion, at all events, of their own money should be lent back by the State at the same interest that it pays to them individually as depositors. If some grudging economist mutters that the expense of the banking operations at the Post Office have to be provided for, I am ready for one to vote that a charge of one-eighth per cent. should be defrayed out of the general ways and means; and if that be not conceded by a short-sighted policy, let it be added to the 2½ per cent. which the local authority must pay out of borough or vestry rate. But I contend that such an investment of the savings of wage labour would be the wisest and best ever made: were it for no other consideration than this, that it would put into the heart of every frugal man and woman who contributed to the fund a self-respecting sense of helping to redeem the classes that live by labour from social degradation and premature decay."

M. Lesseps.—We had to proceed in digging the canal on a smaller scale than the original surveys warranted us in doing. Money failed to a certain extent, and time also. I beg to point out to you that it is impossible to choose two places for a canal in Egypt. The place where the canal has been dug is the only one where it could be, according to the engineer's proper calculations and estimates. It is not as though you could say, "Give us a concession for the canal and we will dig it anywhere in the country." There is only a certain track through which the canal can be dug, and long before the question came to be a political one the idea of forming a second canal had suggested itself to the company, and steps had been taken to meet the additional requirements which we saw were imperative. It was by no means certain when the canal was first constructed, however hopeful its founders and originators were, that the work would be successful to such an extent as it has been, and that it would be called upon to provide such a large amount of accommodation for the mercantile body of the world generally. After having studied the question thoroughly, my idea is that the second canal should be built alongside the first, leaving a considerable margin between the two for strength, and that one canal should be used for ships going into the Red Sea, and the other for ships going into the Mediterranean. According to my own views and the views of those with whom I have conferred in this matter, this is the only true solution of the question, and the only one likely to lead to permanently

gratifying and accommodating the commerce of the world. We are now ready to start to construct this second canal. We have not asked the English Government or any other Government for money. We have not asked anybody for money. What we want is to have recourse to the same people for money who found our original capital. We do not know even who are the shareholders. They are people whom Lord Palmerston called "the small people." The men who first constructed the canal were "small people" who had confidence in their fellow-countrymen, and, therefore, it would be a highly unjust and unjustifiable act in every way to neglect their interests, they being the people who originally found the money, and the people who must be considered in any further enterprise. We are quite ready to meet the views of the shipowners, who create the revenue of the canal; but it is quite impossible to meet them in a spirit which would denude and impoverish the people who originally gave us money for the construction of the canal.

A Mammoth Journal.—The "Queen" newspaper thus refers to the size of the paper at the close of 1883: Our Christmas "Queen" was the largest published; it contained no less than twenty-four pages of reading matter, consisting of news and literary articles, and sixteen pages of wood engravings, besides no less than thirty-eight pages of advertisements of matters relating more or less closely to the approaching festive season. But great as was the extent of paper covered with printed matter on that occasion, it was exceeded by our last number, published on December 15. This, which consisted of eighty folio pages, was, we believe, the largest newspaper ever printed in the world, and of this no less than forty pages consisted of news, articles, and engravings, and the remainder of advertisements.

[The extraordinary prosperity of this journal has been mainly due to most judicious and careful editing in its earlier years. With this it obtained a character which made it welcome in English homes, and without this no mere expenditure of money could have secured such a rapid success.]

Precious Metals in the United States.—It appears from a recent return that the production of precious metals in the United States during the fiscal year just expired amounted to \$32,000,000 gold and nearly \$49,000,000 silver. The total coinage was \$35,936,927 gold and \$28,835,470 silver, of which \$28,111,119 was in standard silver dollars. Of the latter, less than one-third were coined at the Western mints, on account of the slight demand for silver dollars in the Pacific States, and of the large amount—upwards of forty millions—held in the Mint and the Assistant-Treasurer's office at San Francisco. The total coin circulation of the United States was estimated on the 1st of July last at \$765,000,000—viz., \$537,000,000 gold and \$228,000,000 silver; and on the 1st of October last at \$544,512,699 gold and \$235,291,323 silver. The paper and specie circulation of the leading thirty-eight countries in the world is put down as follows:—Paper, \$3,832,920,903; gold, \$3,333,433,000; silver, \$2,712,226,000.

A Sensible Avowal.—Sir Stafford Northcote, in his address at the opening of a People's Institute at Exeter, said: "These institutions enabled them to go far beyond their predecessors, who were men of great power and industry, who laboured hard in the work which they had undertaken against difficulties such as we had no means of comprehending. These difficulties should give the students of the present day a lesson in humility and also a lesson of encouragement. It should teach them how little they did compared with what was done by those who brought the great laws of nature under the notice of mankind. There were some who said that if they paid too much attention to the development of the laws of nature and looked to them as the causes which should produce the great results which they desired to see produced, they were in danger of forgetting, in these second causes, the great First Cause. For his own part, he was not of opinion that there was that danger. Exactly as these second causes were discovered, and as the forces of nature were found more powerful, they had been forced to consider who it was that made these great laws of nature. If these powers came from the development of certain forces, who was it that gave these

forces which were so developed? They knew Paley's illustration of this, which was so applicable. Paley said if they picked up a stone in the middle of Salisbury Plain they might suppose it had lain there for ages; but if they picked up a watch with complicated machinery, the more they saw how complicated it was the more they were convinced that there must have been some maker, some first cause behind that which they could detect for themselves. In the tracing of the laws of nature, they were brought face to face with this reflection in the end. What did we mean by the laws of nature? We did not mean something laid down as an Act of Parliament would lay it down. It amounted simply to the discovery that in certain circumstances certain effects would produce certain results. It was in the action of man that the great second cause was to be found in the development of the forces of nature. Therefore it was most desirable that we should recognise the responsibilities of man, and his duty to improve himself in every way that he was capable of doing. They could not but admire the power of man as long as they kept him subordinate to his great Creator."

Albert Durer and Luther.—A report reached Durer that Luther had been treacherously taken and imprisoned. "That pious man! a confessor of true Christian faith! enlightened by the Holy Spirit! And is he still alive? or have they murdered him in the cause of Christian truth, and because he lashed that most unchristian Papacy, which extinguished the freedom of the Gospel under the heavy weight of man's laws?" And then he pours out his heart in ardent prayer that Christ may call His scattered sheep home—"those who are still in the Roman church—together with Indians, Muscovites, Russians, and Greeks." And he appeals to Erasmus of Rotterdam, whom he had lately seen and portrayed as the "Knight of Christ," that he should lead the van in defence of the truth, and earn—what Erasmus was never disposed to do—the martyr's crown. "Thou art already a little old man; and I have heard thee say that thou only gavest thyself two years more of life in which to work. . . . Oh, Erasmus! join thyself to us, that God may glorify thee, as it was written of David; for thou canst accomplish it—thou canst slay the Goliath." Seldom have pious utterances been put into more homely language—deep and true—but grotesque, like his works.—*Lady Eastlake's "Five Great Painters."*

Queen Victoria and the Luther Monument at Worms.—When the Luther monument at Worms was inaugurated in 1868 by the King of Prussia, in presence of several reigning princes and a vast concourse of people, the following telegram was sent to the King by Queen Victoria: "Pray express to the Committee for the erection of the Luther memorial my most hearty congratulations upon the successful completion of their task. Protestant England cordially sympathises with an occasion which unites the Protestant princes and peoples of Germany."

Quickest Voyage made to India in Old Times.—The Hon. East India Company's ship Marquis Wellington, Captain Alfred Chapman, sailed from the Downs on 9th June, 1829, and arrived at Diamond Harbour, thirty-five miles below Calcutta, on 4th September, being eighty-seven days on the whole, but only eighty-one days from land to land. This beat the voyage of H.M.S. Medusa, which a few years before had performed the same, from land to land, in eighty-four days.

Pumice Shower in South Africa.—We were informed yesterday (November 30) of the occurrence at Glen Grey, about twelve miles from Queenstown, of a phenomenon which, while it lasted, nearly terrified the white and native population out of their wits. On the afternoon of Wednesday a thick shower of matter, presenting a white sulphurous appearance, fell in the valley in which this village is situated, and, passing right over it from east to west, covered the entire surface of the country with marble-sized balls of an ashy paleness, which crumbled into powder at the slightest touch. The shower was confined to one narrow streak, and, while it lasted, we are told, the surrounding atmosphere remained unchanged and clear, as it had been before. Great

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Noises accompanied the shower, and so frightened the people working in the fields, who at first were under the impression that it was a descent of fire—the white substance glistening in the sun—that on perceiving it they fled into their houses for shelter. No damage was caused by what fell, and upon examination of the substance afterwards it was found to be perfectly harmless. At first the little balls were soft and pulpy, but they gradually became dry and pulverised, crumbling at the touch. We have before us a piece of earth on which one of them fell, and the mark left behind resembles a splash of lime-wash or similar matter. It does not smell of sulphur.—*Kimberley, Grigualand West.*

Homes of the Poor.—The statistics of house habitation in London are not ascertained as they have been in Glasgow, where Mr. Bright, in speech there last year, said : “Forty-one families out of every hundred live in homes having only one room. That is the official statement of the census, and it says further that thirty-seven per cent. beyond the forty-one—that thirty-seven per cent. dwell in homes of only two rooms ; that seventy per cent., or nearly four-fifths, dwell in homes of one or two rooms ; and says further that in Scotland nearly one-third of the whole people dwell in houses of only one room ; and says further that more than two-thirds, or seventy per cent., of the whole people of Scotland dwell in homes of not more than two rooms.”

The Luminosity of Heated Gases.—Sir W. Siemens demonstrated, by means of his regenerative furnace, that highly heated gases do not emit light. The furnace employed was that of his brother, the glass manufacturer of Dresden, which gives a temperature of 1,500 degrees to 2,000 degrees Centigrade. The interior of the furnace was watched through sight-holes, and not the least light met the eye from the highly-heated air of the furnace. It therefore appears that all light from heated gas must come, not from the gas, but some solid radiating impurity. Observations with a thermopile also seem to show that no heat either is radiated by pure gases at a high temperature.—*Engineering.*

Monaco Gambling.—Owing to the suicide of an American officer, ruined at Monaco, the American naval anchorage and victualling establishment has been given up and sold, Leghorn being now the Mediterranean station. The Russian navy has also deserted Nice, while even the French evolution squadron shuns it, and Admiral Krantz, who till lately commanded it, made no secret of the fact that the rarity of his visits was owing to the existence of Monaco. Spontaneous protests against Monaco go on multiplying. The clever German writer, Hans Wachenhusen, has just published an account of the petty principality, in which he mentions that the prince has sold out his interest in the gaming tables, receiving from the company 8,500,000 francs in lieu of the annuity of 600,000 francs. The inference drawn is that he sees the system to be too monstrous to last. The proprietors of the gaming table have agents in Paris, well supplied with money, for what Americans call “lobbying,” and by their persuasive arguments the action of the French Government is prevented. The honest republicans could put down the scandal and mischief if they chose.

Postal Orders.—One of the most welcome innovations made in our post-office accommodation during Mr. Fawcett's tenure of the office of Postmaster-General is the establishment of the postal-order system. The circulation during the year ending March 31, 1883, was 7,980,328 orders, representing an amount of £3,451,000. It is quite clear that they supply a want felt by a class which is quite outside the area of banking facilities, and it is not surprising to find that the circulation of money orders—which had begun to decline before 1880—has still further fallen off, a result clearly attributable to the introduction of postal orders. It is noteworthy that those most in request are for 1s., 5s., 10s., and 20s. ; such amounts as 7s. 6d., 12s. 6d., and 17s. 6d. being little in demand. However, it is not likely that postal orders will entirely supersede the old money orders, which, as is well known, are issued and payable in such a form as to preclude the possibility of their being negotiated by other than their rightful owners. Where security is absolutely necessary, of

course, money orders are most likely to be preferred ; but, in cases where it is desirable that the orders should be readily converted into money without loss of time, and by presentation at all post-offices, instead of specific ones, there is no doubt that the postal orders will be the most useful. The gross revenue for the year was over £9,413,812, composed of postage of all kinds, £7,034,982 ; commission on money orders, £217,686 ; commission on postal orders, £44,492 ; value of unclaimed money orders, £3,800 ; savings-bank profits, £344,792 ; and revenue from telegraphs, £1,768,060. The expenditure amounted to £6,352,064, the net revenue therefore being £3,061,748, or a decrease of £38,727. The items which contributed to this decrease were principally those for improvement of the letter-carriers' position, £63,000 ; £34,000 remuneration of sub-postmasters ; £37,000 for improved telegraphic communication with Ireland ; and £13,000 for a cable dépôt.

Contentment.

Climb at court for me that will—

Tottering favour's pinnacle ;

All I seek is to lie still,

Settled in some secret nest.

In calm leisure let me rest,

And far off the public stage,

Pass away my silent age.

Thus when, without noise, unknown,

I have lived out all my span,

I shall die without a groan,

An old, honest, countryman.

—Andrew Marvell.

Brougham and Lyndhurst.—Brougham had made one of the most magnificent of his grand oratorical displays, creating a profound impression. Even that dignified assemblage had been moved from its habitual calm by the passionate fire of his oration. Lord Lyndhurst, as he said truly enough in opening his own speech, had never risen under greater difficulties. But he took his stand conscientiously on the lines of a long-tried constitution, which the measure submitted to them must probably revolutionise. Even when listened to in contrast with the brilliant declamation which had gone before, it was admitted that Lord Lyndhurst had proved equal to the occasion. Perhaps the finest, as it is the best known, passage of a famous speech is that in which the dignified and high-bred ex-Chancellor made frank confession of his modest origin, turning the avowal into a weapon of defence :—“My Lords, I owe the situation I have the honour to hold in this House to the generous kindness of my late sovereign. I cannot boast an illustrious descent. I have sprung from the people. I am proud of being thus associated with the descendants of those illustrious names which have spread lustre upon the history of our country. But if I thought your lordships were capable of being influenced by the unworthy measures which have been resorted to, and that you could from such motives be induced to swerve from your duty on this important occasion, when everything valuable in our institutions is at stake, I should be ashamed of this dignity, and take refuge from it in the comparative obscurity of private life, rather than mix with men so unmindful of the obligations imposed upon them by their high station and illustrious birth.”—*Life of Lord Lyndhurst, by Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B.*

Jams and Preserved Fruits.—Not only the high price of butter, but the temperance movement also has already increased the demand for these articles of diet, and will increase it considerably more, especially as regards fruit, for persons who indulge in alcoholic stimulants rarely take fruit or jam or conserves made of fruit. An important proportion of the increased fruit consumption is due to the demand for jam for home and foreign consumption. Jam is becoming a common article of food throughout the country. As our dairies cannot furnish butter for those who are unable to give from one and fivepence to one and eightpence per pound for this luxury, they use jam for themselves and their children. This can now be bought in most village grocers' shops at from seven-pence to ninepence per pound, owing mainly to the energy of

French, Belgian, Dutch, German, and American fruit-growers. Jam factories are being established in various parts of this country, and new processes have been introduced to help and improve the manufacture of jams and preserves of all kinds. There is yet a vast difference in jam. The real jam is made of good, freshly-picked fruits, which are not mashed up into a mess, but are preserved whole, so that specific fruits may be identified. For jam-making, fruit of all qualities and description is cleared off in a wonderfully rapid manner. When there is a short crop the demand for jams and preserves sends up the prices of fruit to a figure far beyond the reach of ordinary customers, as in the last season, for example, when damsons and plums were making fourpence per pound wholesale, and black currants from fourpence halfpenny to fivepence per pound. In full fruit seasons jam-makers buy up fruit, and, having reduced it to pulp, put it into large jars or vessels of various kinds without sugar. If the air is carefully excluded this pulp will keep for some time, until a scarcity of fruit happens again. It is, in fact, the adoption of the principle of ensilage to fruit.

[Mr. Gladstone, in his famous agricultural speech, said that English jam manufacturers were beaten by foreign competition, although the price of sugar was so low in this country. Some of the large jam-producing firms allege that they can beat all foreigners in cheapness as well as quality.]

Metropolitan Railway Traffic.—The traffic on three metropolitan railways—viz., the Metropolitan, the Metropolitan District, and the North London, together increased between 1871 and 1881 from 79,000,000 to 136,000,000 per annum, or to 373,000 passengers per diem.

Carlyle on Luther.—Carlyle, in writing to Emerson in 1853, and speaking of his visit to Germany, said : "I was on two of Fritz's battle-fields—moreover, Lobositz, in Bohemia, and Kunersdorf, by Frankfort on the Oder, but did not, especially in the latter case, make much of that. Schiller's death chamber; Goethe's sad court environment; above all, Luther's little room in the Wartburg. I believe I actually had tears in my eyes there, and kissed the old oak table, being in a very flurried state of nerves. My belief was that under the canopy there was not at present so holy a spot as that same."

A Useful Goose.—A correspondent writes : "I had no notion of the various uses to which birds are put in London. Passing through a street in North Kensington on Wednesday, I was struck with rather a curious sight in the middle of the road. A milk-vendor was pushing his little vehicle along, and a very large, business-looking goose (?) was walking by his side. When the milk-vendor went to a house, the goose remained in charge in the middle of the road. I went up to the man and said, 'Is that your dog?' 'Yes, sir,' he said, 'that's my dog; don't touch that truck, or he'll lay his beak about you.' So they trundled off together, the goose (a large gander) walking miles during the morning, and taking to his work as to the manner born. I almost expected to hear him bark."—*Bayswater Chronicle*.

Live Stock Decreasing in England.—Mr. George Street, of Amphyll, reading a paper on the decrease of live stock in Great Britain at a meeting of the Farmers' Club, said that from 1874 the number of sheep in Great Britain had decreased from 30,314,000 to 24,319,768 in 1882, or a loss of 6,000,000 in eight years. As regards cattle, there were in 1874 6,125,491, and in 1882 there were only 5,807,491. The causes of this decrease had been threefold—imported and preventible diseases, unfavourable seasons, and the depression in agriculture. The only way to secure a permanent increase in the live stock of Great Britain was to keep it free from foreign diseases.

Superstition in Scotland.—A correspondent writes : "At the Inverness Police-court recently an elderly Highland woman, named Isabella Macrae or Stewart, was charged with assaulting a little girl. She pleaded not guilty, and the evidence showed that the latter had used insulting language

to the prisoner, while she, on the other hand, spoke of the girl's grandmother as a witch. Towards the close of the case great amusement was caused in court by the accused producing a clay image, or *corp creagh*, which she believed was made by the so-called witch. The legs had been broken off the image, and since then the prisoner believed that her own legs were losing their strength. A person who wished to purchase the image after the accused had left the court was promptly told that on no account would she part with it, for if anything happened to it she might die, and she was not prepared. Her husband had died some time ago, and also three horses, and she grieved to think that all these calamities were attributable to witchcraft. The image was about four inches in length, green worsted threads containing the diabolic charm were wound round, while pins were pierced through the part where the heart should be. The accused was convicted and sentenced to fine or imprisonment."

Wycliffe Commemoration.—It is proposed to commemorate the five hundredth anniversary of the death of John Wycliffe, the Reformer, by restoring Wycliffe Church, Richmond, Yorks, which stands close to Wycliffe Hall, his supposed birthplace. The rector has given £100 and Mr Corbett, M.P., £20.

The Reading Girl.—The grand demonstration seen lately at the tomb of Victor Emanuel at Rome recalls the time when the freedom and unity of Italy had just been achieved. In 1861, at the Exhibition of Art and Industry held at Florence, the object of greatest attraction was Magni's statue of "The Reading Girl." There was little in the statue at first sight to attract the gaze of the crowd. The features of the girl, though intelligent, were plain, and her book was resting on the back of a common rush-bottomed chair. But on the book were engraved some lines from Niccolini's tragedy "Arnaldo di Brescia," containing a noble prophecy of Italy's freedom and prosperity. The statue was exhibited at London in 1862, and a representation of it has since appeared on the wrapper of the "Leisure Hour."

Two Remarkable Needles.—The International Exhibition of Needlework, which is to be held at Sydenham in July, 1884, will include, among other curiosities, two things which will not be the least of the attractions of the exhibition. One is the famous needle presented to the Emperor of Germany last year under circumstances worth recalling. The Emperor was visiting the great needle manufactory at Kreuznach, and was desirous of seeing for himself the relative power of machinery compared with skilled hand labour. A bundle of superfine needles was placed before him, a thousand of which weighed less than half an ounce, and he expressed his astonishment that eyes could be bored in such minute objects. Thereupon the foreman of the boring department asked his Majesty to give him a hair from his beard, and receiving it, he bored an eye in it, threaded it, and handed back to the astonished Emperor this improvised and most peculiar needle. The other curious needle was manufactured at Redditch, and presented to the Queen. It is a sort of miniature Trajan's Column. All around it are represented scenes from the Queen's life, executed so minutely that a magnifying-glass is required to distinguish them. This needle can be opened, and within it are a number of very fine needles, on which also scenes have been engraved.

The Seamen's Hospital.—At Greenwich last year there was an alteration in the arrangements in the Seamen's Hospital (late Dreadnought). Owing to the large number of patients, it was found utterly impossible to spare the only large ward in the building, so that instead of all the patients being together, as has been the practice of late, the inmates of each floor had to dine in their floor dining-halls. After dinner an ounce of tobacco was served out to each man. There are 205 patients in the hospital, including sixteen Norwegians, eleven Swedes, eight Germans, five Russians and Russian Fins, two Italians, and also representatives from the United States, Austria, Hungary, Spain, China, Denmark, and Canada. The average daily number during 1883 has been 198, as compared with 190 during 1882 and 171 the average of the nine years from 1874 to 1882.

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